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The Relief Society Magazine

...L. 36 NO. 11 Lesson for February NOVEMBER 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

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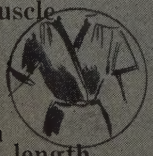

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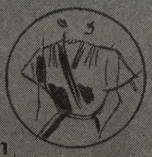

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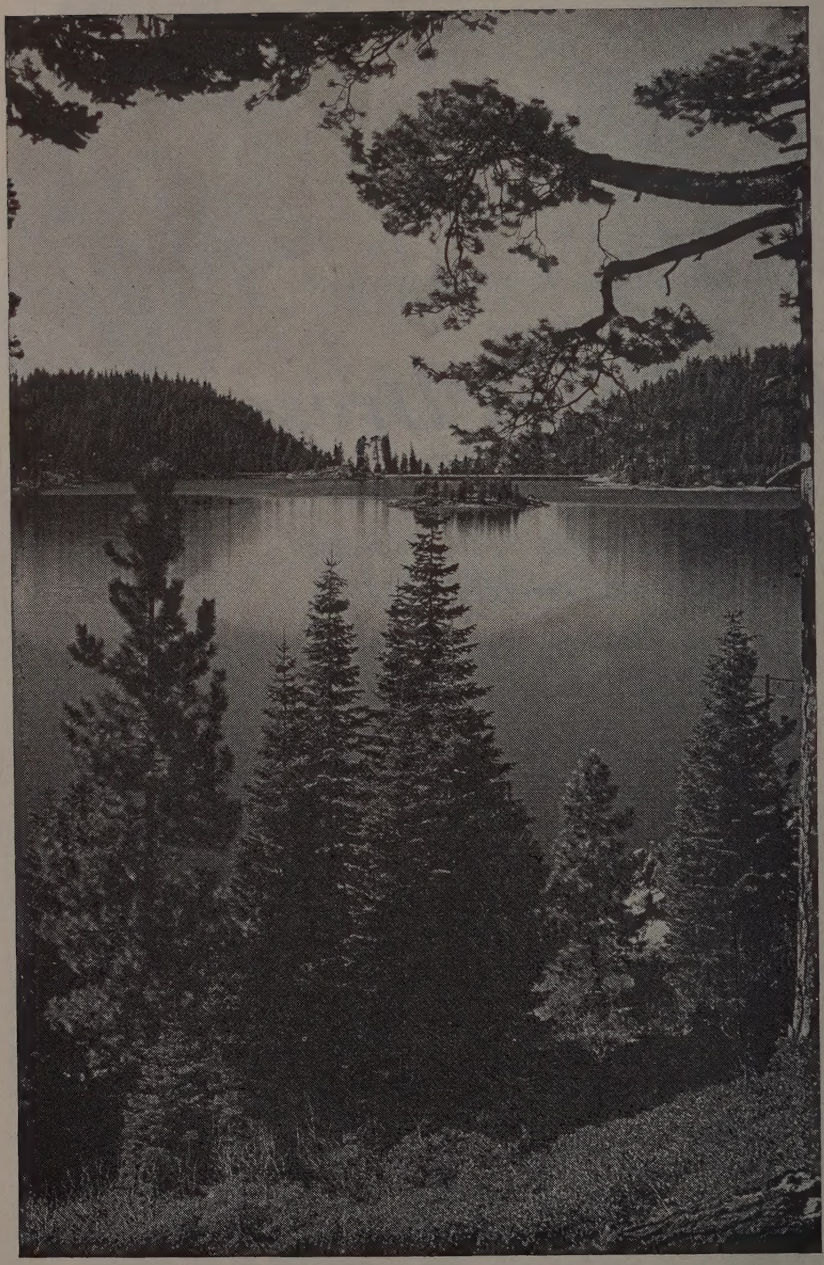


Don Knight

HUNTINGTON LAKE, CALIFORNIA

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 11 NOVEMBER 1949

Rain on November Night

Marvin Jones

The gray geese fly with the wind tonight
To the far, far edge of dawn—
The marsh is alone and still and white
Now their trumpeting song is gone.
I am alone as the marsh, and still
As the soundlessness of rain,
Beating my heart and November's hill
With its monotone of pain.
But the geese will return another day,
Arrowed against the blue;
Back to the hill and the marsh to stay
Till their summering song is through—
While hill and marsh and the wild heart's tether
Grow warm again in April weather . . . .

The Cover: "Symphony," Photograph by Willard Luce.

Woman's Role as Homemaker

President Belle S. Spafford

(Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, held in the Tabernacle, September 29, 1949)

THE subject upon which I shall speak this afternoon, namely, "Woman's Role as Homemaker" is not new; it has been brought before you times without number, both in general conferences and regular meetings of the society. It is an old subject but one which remains with us as ever important.

President David O. McKay, in addressing a Relief Society conference a few years ago, made this statement: "Although woman's life is filled with almost everything that is good and lovely, it is not difficult to choose the two activities that are paramount in her world." These he defined as homemaking and compassionate service.

Unfortunately, this viewpoint with regard to homemaking is not shared by all women. Only recently, in contrast to this, I read on the woman's page of a newspaper in a column reserved for advice to women on personal matters, the following interesting problem presented by a woman: "I am the mother of eight children. Ever since my marriage I have devoted almost my entire time to my home and to rearing my children. I long to do something worthwhile with my life. What would you suggest?"

Wisely the columnist answered: "I know of nothing more worthwhile."

To match this is the attitude of a married woman with five grown, educated, likable children, who is often heard to say: "After all, what have I accomplished? I have sacrificed my own life for my children."

Women today point with pride, and justly so, to their accomplishments in the professions, the arts, commerce, industry, education, and politics. We are grateful for all that modern progress has done for woman—her liberation, her education, her opportunities. We view with pride all that she has achieved. But with a more complete understanding of her mission comes the realization that, although she may wish to combine another role with homemaking, it is in her age-old role of mother and homemaker that she makes her supreme contribution to the world.

The work of homemaking offers to woman her greatest opportunities and her deepest satisfactions. It is here her creative urges may find fullest expression, her administrative ability develop most naturally. It is here her talents may be put to the most practical uses, and her skills function most freely. It is here that continuous claim may be laid upon her resourcefulness and ingenuity, and her intelligence find a constant challenge. It is here her spiritual nature may flower fully, and her character grow to its greatest stature. It is here her influence may be most potent and her contribution to society most effective.

It is a matter of deep concern that social and economic conditions today are effecting far-reaching changes in our homes and exerting a pulling power away from the home. They are enticing, if not forcing, many women out of the sphere in which they can find the most happiness and do the greatest good. There are many influences in contemporary life today which impinge upon the family and make it difficult for parents to maintain stable homes and direct their children aright.

On every hand we read of the concern that is felt for our homes. To illustrate, this rather disconsolate picture of the American home was published in a recent issue of *Family Life*, the official organ of the National Family Life Association:

> As the machine age spreads its patterns ever more widely, we have taken out of the home everything that has to do with living. You can't be born there, die there, be buried from there. You can't be taught there, be sick there. You can't work there, nor learn a skill. And entertainment must certainly be found elsewhere. What is there left but a lifeless dormitory where one changes one's clothes and where food, prepared elsewhere, is served?

OUR Church leaders have always emphasized the importance of our homes and family life.They have taught us that "the home and family are sacred institutions. They are not man-made, but have been established by a kind Providence for the blessing of his children."

President Smith has admonished us, "You fathers and mothers who are rearing sons and daughters, don't put off the opportunity that is yours to win them to a righteous life . . . ."

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has told us that "to the Latter-day Saint the home is a holy place. It has its pattern in the heavens." He has further told us:

> Each family unit here that is created by and under the authority of the Priesthood in the House of the Lord, is potentially another celestial family, another Heavenly Home, like to the one of which we are members,—a family unit that may ultimately do for other intelligences what God did for ours. . . .

President Clark has definitely placed upon the mothers of the Church first responsibility for maintaining our homes according to the teachings of the Church. In addressing the Relief Society sisters in a general Relief Society conference on the subject of "Our Homes," he said:

> Need I point out to you Relief Society sisters where your high duty lies in all this;—your duty not only, but your lofty destiny as well? . . . . the great work [that of homemaking] is yours, yours by your very natures, which means by divine design and appointment. You shall fail in your mission if you do not do it, and the world will be lost.

The positive concern of our leaders for our present-day homes is evidenced in the "Message from the General Authorities Endorsing and Instituting the Family Hour Program" in which they declare: "The need for them [Family Hour programs] was never greater in the history of the Church."

With this feeling existing with regard to homes in general, we are led to ask, "Now, what of our individual homes—yours and mine?" This is a time when it might be

well for every Relief Society sister to make an honest and fearless appraisal of her home and of herself as a mother and homemaker. Well might we ask ourselves:

Is my home a place of refuge to which family members may return from a confused and troubled world and find peace, security, and rest?

Do love and comradeship exist therein, with quarreling and bickering finding no lodging place?

Are pride in our choice lineage, family traditions, and ideals transmuting family members into a close-knit family unit which will continue eternally?

Does my home bespeak culture and refinement or do profanity, vulgar stories, cheap literature find harbor there?

Is my home a place of industry and thrift?

Is my home rich, not necessarily in income, but in what President McKay has termed "The great imponderables of life, such as serenity, faith, warm emotions, protectiveness, charity, affirmation, yes, and even common sense."

Am I meeting my heaven-imposed responsibilities?

The Lord has given to Latter-day Saint parents this exacting counsel:

And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized.

And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.

And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord (Doctrine and Covenants 68:25-28).

Only as we do this will our homes fulfill their divine destiny.

And what of those other aspects of homemaking—also vital, part and parcel of the business of good homemaking? What of the physical care of our children? What of our housekeeping?

Do we make of housekeeping a fetish to the point of destroying ease and comfort within our homes? Or, on the other hand, are we careless, neglecting to sense the importance of order, cleanliness and attractiveness?

Family Life, the publication to which I have already referred, recently published a rather startling article entitled "Good Housekeepers Are Scarce." The article opened by saying:

Really, first-class housekeepers are few and far between, if the results of a survey . . . are an indication. The average man would have only one chance in twenty to marry such a housekeeper. In fact, he has only about a 50-50 chance to get one who is even good.

Time will not permit me to give the details of this survey, interesting as they are, but the results are worthy of mention. Of 351 homes rated, in only five per cent was the housekeeping classified as excellent, forty per cent as good, forty-three per cent as fair, and twelve per cent were classified as poor. The report comments that the twelve per cent classified as poor were definitely bad, and it adds that these figures correspond rather closely with previous findings. It further states

that the population of the homes studied was drawn from many parts of the United States and represented people of varied economic status. It concludes by saying :

> If the findings from this sample are representative of any considerable section of the nation's homes, they suggest that the standards of attainment in housekeeping are not favorable to sound family life. They reflect little credit on either parents or public schools who should have taught young people *how to live.*

The questions I have suggested, and many more, might be asked as we appraise our homes. And having appraised them, and ourselves as homemakers, have we the courage, the will-power and the intelligence to correct bad practices and patiently and wisely establish new and better patterns?

The Relief Society, since its inception, has accepted as one of its major responsibilities the task of guiding, directing, and training its members in their vital role of mother and homemaker. In fact, to develop within the members a firm and abiding testimony of the gospel, and to make of them good mothers and homemakers is one of Relief Society's first concerns.

With the assurance that comes to the women of the Church of their place in the eternal plan of the Creator, may they assume their role as mother and homemaker fully aware of its greatness and the far-reaching influence of their labors. May they conduct their homes so as to win the blessings and benediction of our Heavenly Father is my sincere prayer.

Today Is All of Time

Maude O. Cook

Fling wide the banners of the dawn,
A newborn day appears,
Full-freighted with rich gifts for all
To glorify the years.

So silently and still it comes,
With softly cushioned feet,
And slips as quietly away
When day and evening meet.

And with it go the gifts unused,
The songs we did not sing,
The love, the friends we might have made,
And joys such memories bring.

Today is all of time we own,
For yesterday is past,
As dew upon the morning rose
Whose beauty cannot last.

Tomorrow is with shadows dimmed—
Its joys may never be;
Today will chart the course of years
And all eternity.

The Loving Friend of Children

Preston Nibley

IN the fall of 1891, George Q. Cannon, first counselor to President Wilford Woodruff in the First Presidency and the enterprising editor of the *Juvenile Instructor* (a semi-monthly publication for the young people of the Church), issued an invitation through his paper to all those who had known the Prophet Joseph Smith, to write in their recollections of the great man, in order that a permanent record of their experiences might be made.

Brother Cannon received several replies to his invitation, as a number of the early members of the Church were then living. These replies he carefully edited and published in the *Instructor* at intervals throughout the year 1892. I have before me as I write this article, a bound volume of the *Juvenile Instructor*, containing these interesting letters.

Among the first to write his recollections was Jesse N. Smith, then president of the Snowflake Stake in Arizona and a cousin of the Prophet. He was only nine years of age in 1844, but he was intimately acquainted with his distinguished cousin. Here is one circumstance he relates:

> In 1843, for a short time, I attended a school taught by Miss Mitchell, in Hyrum Smith's brick office. Passing the Prophet's house one morning, he called me to him and asked me what book I read in at my school. I replied, "The Book of Mormon!" He seemed pleased, and taking me into the house, he gave me a copy of the Book of Mormon, a gift greatly prized by me (J. I., XXVII, page 24).

This is only a small circumstance, but through it we catch a glimpse of the great man, stopping his little cousin on the way to school and presenting him with a Book of Mormon. I wonder where that Book of Mormon is now. It would be a prized possession if it were in the Church Historian's Library.

A woman by the name of Louisa Y. Littlefield, seventy years of age in 1892, wrote a letter to Brother Cannon, stating that she had been acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. She was born in 1822 and had moved to Kirtland in 1834 when she was twelve years of age, and had seen the Prophet on many occasions from that time until his death. She particularly remembered her experiences while living in Kirtland and the friendliness of the Prophet.

> I will speak of a prominent trait of his character, which was perhaps more marked in his early career than was the case after public cares and responsibilities multiplied upon him from so many sources; I mean his natural fondness for children. In Kirtland, where wagon loads of grown people and children came from the country to meeting, Joseph would make his way to as many of the wagons as he well could, and cordially shake the hand of each person. Every child and young babe in the company were especially noticed by him, and tenderly taken by the hand, with his kind words and blessings (*Ibid.*, page 24).

The young Prophet, going from wagon to wagon, shaking the hand of every man, woman, and child, presents a picture long to be remembered. He felt that he was a friend

to all mankind. All the accounts that have come down to us testify that he was a sociable and friendly man.

IN 1892, a Mrs. Margaret Burgess was living in St. George, Utah. She, too, remembered the Prophet Joseph and recalled several instances where the great man had touched her life. Her letter is one of the most valuable that was sent to the *Instructor*. I shall reproduce it here in part.

My father, William P. McIntire lived in Nauvoo, at the corner of Main and Parley streets. He was a near neighbor of the Prophet, and a true and loving watch-guard for him in times of trouble. The Prophet was often at my father's house. Some incidents which I recollect of him made a deep impression on my child mind. One morning when he called at our house, I had a very sore throat. It was much swollen and gave me great pain. He took me up in his lap and gently anointed my throat with consecrated oil, and administered to me and I was healed.

A little child would not forget that experience, being administered to by the man who had beheld the visions, and became President of the Church. But there were still other interesting experiences when she came in contact with the great man.

Another time my older brother and I were going to school near the building which was known as Joseph's brick store. It had been raining the previous day, causing the ground to be very muddy, especially along that street. My brother Wallace and I both got fast in the mud and could not get out, and of course, child-like, we began to cry, for fear we would have to stay there. But, looking up, I beheld the loving friend of children, the Prophet Joseph, coming to us. He soon had us on higher and drier ground. Then he stooped down and cleaned the mud from our little, heavy-laden shoes, and took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped our tear-stained faces. He spoke kind and cheering words to us, and sent us on our way to school rejoicing. Was it any wonder that I loved that great, good and noble man of God? As I grew older I felt to honor and love him for his mission to earth in restoring the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

But the most interesting incident that Mrs. Burgess related is the one pertaining to her little twin sisters. This story, in connection with our Prophet, will, I think, live throughout the ages to come. I shall reproduce it in full.

Joseph's wife, sister Emma, had lost a young babe. My mother, having twin baby girls, the Prophet came to see if she would let him have one of them. Of course, it was rather against her feelings, but she finally consented for him to take one of them, providing he would bring it home each night. This he did punctually himself, and also came after it each morning. One evening he did not come with it at the usual time, and mother went down to the Mansion to see what was the matter, and there sat the Prophet with the baby wrapped up in a little silk quilt. He was trotting it on his knee, and singing to it to get it quiet before starting out, as it had been fretting. The child soon became quiet when my mother took it, and the Prophet came up home with her.

Next morning when he came after the baby, mother handed him Sarah, the other baby. They looked so much alike that strangers could not tell them apart; but as mother passed him the other baby he shook his head and said, "This is not my little Mary." Then she took Mary from the cradle and gave her to him. The baby Mary had a very mild disposition, while Sarah was quite cross and fretful, and by this mother could distinguish them, one from the other, though generally people could not tell them apart. After his wife became better in health he did not

(*Continued on page 760*)

The Pongee Dress

Grace M. Candland

WE were having trouble with our daughter, Clarisse. We were trying to convince her that changeable taffeta wasn't quite what she wanted for a graduation dress. It was pretty, yes. I had had one once and I knew the soft shading of it, the multi-colors disappearing and showing. But for graduation it wasn't quite the thing. She should have something white or pastel.

Finally, in desperation, I turned to Grandma, who was nearly ninety, with a twinkle still in her eyes and a wisdom even older than her years in her heart.

"What do you think, Grandma?" I asked her. "Isn't it best to get a lighter dress?"

She leaned forward almost imperceptibly in her chair. She did not speak immediately, and we thought she was weighing the issue in her mind. Clarisse looked at her imploringly, but Grandma seemed not to notice.

I tried to explain further. "She can have the taffeta later, but now—"

"Changeable taffeta may not be popular later," the girl interrupted, and Grandma cleared her throat. We both became quiet, waiting for her to speak.

"A dress can be very important to a girl," she said softly. "I know. When my father had a bookstore in the East, I used to help him and we had all the latest fashion magazines. My sister and I enjoyed looking at the styles and kinds of fabrics they were made of, and selecting the ones we liked best.

"Right then and there I decided on pongee and just how it should be made. My Aunt Kate had a dress of this same material and I promised myself that if I ever got a chance I would have one of my own.

"I was only sixteen at the time. My sister Amanda, being two years older, took first place in the matter of coming out gowns (as they say), and mother catered to her whims more than I liked, but I bided my time.

"My sister was fair and tall and she liked more fluffy things, with tucks and ruffles. I wanted something with dignity. I would have had it, too, except that something happened to change the course of our lives.

"We were all eating supper one late afternoon when two Mormon missionaries came to the door. But you know the story."

"I don't," Clarisse said. "Tell us."

"Well, they were hungry, traveling without purse or scrip. It was music to their ears when we told them to come in and eat with us. They shook hands with father and mother, my six brothers, and us girls last. They were dressed like preachers and called themselves elders, which was a new word to us. Just imagine how we felt, entertaining strangers at an upset table, but they did not seem to mind. They certainly were hungry and finished up everything we had left; and to cap it off, father asked them to stay all

night. I'll never forget how happy they looked as they said, 'We gladly accept the invitation.'

"Then Amanda and I cleared the table, and when we got into the pantry we had our fun. It was a good thing mother didn't hear us laughing or something would have happened, for our parents were very strict and Puritan-like," Grandma went on. "Well, after that they made our home their headquarters, almost. We never knew when we were going to be put to the necessity of cooking extra potatoes, or increasing the batch of cookies. When they came the family added up to an even dozen. Mother was always glad it didn't go over that. She never liked the number thirteen.

"When they held meetings at our place I generally helped out with the singing, after we learned the songs of Zion, of course, and every time we arose to sing the same elder would edge over to me to help hold the book, as if I couldn't hold it myself. My brother George noticed how miffed I was and told me I was too independent and spunky and wouldn't give the man a chance. They were nice young men, to be sure, but I didn't care for either of them, especially that Frank. I told Amanda one day I wouldn't have him as a husband if he were the last man on earth. No stocky Englishman for me. No, never, not I!

"Oh, he was a gentleman. I saw that from the first, but I kept the cool air circulating about me all the time, but Amanda, well, I accused her of deliberately falling in love with Thomas, and she didn't deny it.

"I couldn't forget the pongee dress. I went to sleep every night dreaming of it, longing for the soft feel of it against my body."

CLARISSE looked at Grandma, sitting in her habitual black, and seemed unable to realize that she had once been young, had wanted anything so very much.

I said, "Go on," though I was beginning to feel that I was going to lose in the argument.

Grandma cleared her throat, her eyes closed as she recalled the past, and continued on.

"I mentioned it to father, but he said he would have more important use for our money and we girls must get along. I could see we were getting more involved in religion all the time. Mother's folks commenced getting cold and dismayed. (The idea of high-bred Americans getting mixed up with an outlandish religion like that!) But Mother stood firm. A new light had come into our lives, the light of the true gospel. We accepted it with all our hearts, for we knew we had found the truth, and when once that conviction took possession of us there was no turning back. Everything else seemed unimportant. We wanted to give up everything and join those who felt as we did, which meant a long, hard journey to the Rocky Mountains, and that was our plan, so mother told us.

"The time for action had come. A few days later, after father had thought things through, he called us all into the parlor and said, 'I'm sure, my dear ones, you feel as I do about the great step we are about to take in becoming members of

the Church. I have no doubt in my mind that we have been led in the right direction by our brethren, and that we are now ready for baptism.'

"I felt as father did. No one had any objections. There was a sweet, humble spirit present. And when I saw tears in mother's eyes, they told the story for all of us.

" 'Very well,' father went on, 'we will meet at Willow Creek tomorrow at four o'clock and have the matter attended to.'

"I remember the day father sold our property, furniture and all, in one big lump. Mother kept some of her best china and the few clothes we had.

"Father used part of the money we got for our possessions to buy a covered wagon, a team of horses, harnesses, and everything necessary for a long, strenuous journey across the plains, according to the advice of the brethren.

"We were as happy as could be, all except Isaac. He squirmed a little, for he was at the beginning of a possible romance and hated to leave it. Of all my brothers he was the most congenial. As for me, I was going to miss the cakes of maple sugar. You see, my Uncle John Rudy had a large maple tree farm, and every year he made the juice of the trees into maple sugar cakes. We always got a good supply of them. I was so fond of them. I made him promise to send me some when we got settled, and he has never failed. I use it for Christmas candy. My brother George used to twit me about Frank liking maple sugar, too.

"We came to the valley in November, and the next March Frank and I were married. It was strange that he turned out to be a merchant, a buyer for Z. C. M. I. When he went East on his first buying trip he asked me what kind of material I would like for a new dress. I hesitated to tell him, but when he had gone I wept because I was sure I had lost my last chance to get my pongee dress."

"What did he bring you?" my waiting, wide-eyed girl asked her. "Pongee?"

Grandma nodded. "Yes. The exact kind I had dreamed of, and satin to trim it with. I had it made up for the Governor's Ball."

"Governor Brigham Young," I told Clarisse. "Grandma knew him very well."

"YES," Grandma assured us, looking actually young and pretty. "Yes, I did. New Year's Eve turned off clear and cold. Snow had fallen the day before and settled down firm and slick. Cutters glided over the glistening surface bearing their occupants to the scene of festivities. Sleigh bells astride the horses' shoulders sent their cheery jingle out into the night air.

"Everybody would be there, dressed in their best. Brother Brigham expected it. The ladies vied with each other for a little added adornment for this crowning event of the season.

"Frank had been given the position of conductor and floor manager. No man was ever better fitted for such a place than he. He was the English gentleman, very pleasing in manner, firm, orderly, and efficient. He knew how a ball should be carried on in all its details.

"The hall was in perfect shape. The coal-oil lamps were filled, and their chimneys polished, the wicks trimmed so as to give off their best light into every corner of the room. The fiddlers were in their places, eager to set off the celebration.

"At eight o'clock sharp, Frank called the assembly to order. Prayer was offered by Brother Bell, asking divine favor and approval of the occasion wherein we might find happiness in the dance and the association of each other.

"The grand march began promptly at nine o'clock. I can tell you, my heart beat wildly when Frank bowed and offered me his arm. My hour of triumph had come. I felt like a queen in the wide, flowing skirt with its rows of satin folds. The basque was stiff with boning and had its share of satin, too. From my ears hung gold teardrop earrings. Everyone said they had seen nothing like them west of the Mississippi River.

"To cap off a perfect evening, President Young himself claimed me for the waltz quadrille. As we passed the spectators, I heard people whispering, 'Where did she get that dress?'

"Yes, a dress can be very important in a woman's life. And dreams can come true if you don't give up," finished Grandma.

She looked at Clarisse significantly and I knew the battle for a white or a pastel dress was lost. But somehow, I was glad, for what really shows off a dress to advantage is a radiant and happy girl inside it.

I asked, "Where did you say you saw that changeable taffeta, Clarisse, honey?"

Alien and Lost

Dorothy J. Roberts

Summer lingers longest
In the fragile rose,
For the frail are strongest
And lovely to the close.

In shrouds of gray November
All summer's bloom but this
Living, coral ember
Of a season's bliss.

Something of June's wild fragrance
Scorns the scythe of frost,
Cloaked in a pale bud's vagrance,
Alien and lost.

Poet

Gertrude T. Koven

I cannot paint the summer hills
Against the wind-swept sky,
Nor mock the song of whippoorwills,
As evening time draws nigh;

But I can take a few small words,
And weave them close in time,
Until, like music of the birds,
They beat with joyous rhyme.

Silence

Mary Pack Triplett

Silence brought me loneliness,
And silence brought me doubt,
Until I sat with silence
When all the stars were out.

Then silence brought me confidence
And silence gave release.
Now I can sit with silence
And know the gift of peace.

Ancient Rites at a Modern Wedding

Martha Toronto

President, Czechoslovakian Mission Relief Society

IN this modern, rapidly changing world, there is a small village in Slovakia, Javornik by name, that still lives and abides by old and ancient customs. The good people of this village are very proud of the fact that there have been no changes in their customs or costumes for many centuries. They live, in many respects, exactly as their fathers and great-grandfathers lived before them.

A group of us had an opportunity to visit this strange and interesting village, as wedding guests at the marriage of a young man whose family is a substantial part of the citizenry of this town. We saw and learned of many customs that I, for one, had never dreamed still existed. The first and foremost is that the people live to a marked degree according to an old patriarchal order. In one house live four and often five generations. The old, old father is, of course, the head of the house. All the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren abide by his counsel and his advice. At his death, the oldest of his sons inherits that position just as in ancient patriarchal days. As the family grows, the house is extended, to add rooms for further posterity. The houses become quite large, and many people live under the same roof.

The most wonderful part about it is that they live in harmony and righteousness, according to the laws and words of the Bible as they understand it. They do not seek entertainment in dances, theaters, or picture shows, but rather spend their evenings in a family circle, reading the Bible and singing religious songs. They study and sing from hand-printed scriptures, many hundreds of years old, dating back to the time when the holy scriptures were forbidden outside the church. The songs they sing are scriptures set to a chanting music, different from anything I've ever heard before. They sing a blessing on the food, as well as one of thankfulness after each meal. They seem to have a song for every occasion.

The wedding to which we were invited was very interesting, first because of the costumes. The everyday dress here is a national costume. For the wedding, however, they wore their Sunday best. The women wear short, finely pleated skirts that are a bright yellow, worn over many full petticoats so they stand out and swing as they walk. Over the skirt is a white gathered apron with hand-printed flowers all over it. They do this hand printing themselves, and weave all the cloth for their costumes at home. They wear white blouses with heavily embroidered collars and sleeves and over this a white wool waistcoat, also embroidered in yellow, black, red,

VILLAGE MATRONS IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES

and blue, and fastened with gold buttons down the front.

The older women, or matrons, wear a headdress which looks like a long scarf tied around their heads. This is either white, with elaborate handwork at the ends, or hand-printed in the same motif as the apron. Each village in this section of the country has its own pattern, both in the print and embroidery. A woman always, unless she is working in the fields, carries a handmade wool shawl, also white and embroidered in the village pattern. On their feet, they always, without exception, wear leather boots that come to the knees.

The young, unmarried women and girls wear a picturesque headdress. It is an arrangement of small yellow and red ribbon bows and flowers, with small round spangles forming the center of each flower. These flowers completely cover their heads, leaving no hair showing. On the sides of the headdress is a spangled ball with a shiny mirror on the outside of it, over the ear. In the center front, the flowers and ribbons are built up to almost a fan formation, topped off with a white angel's hair ornament that looks like one from a Christmas tree. From the headdress, and hanging to the waist, are several wide, heavily embroidered ribbons of all colors. In the sunshine, the colorful headpiece sparkles and seems to bob up and down as the girls walk by.

THE bride, herself, is dressed exactly like all the young girls, with the exception of a "bridal shawl," which is a long, stiffly starched linen one with the yellow motif embroidered straight through the middle of it from end to end. This shawl is wrapped over her shoulders, and she holds it in front. She carries no flowers.

The bridegroom is dressed entirely in light blue. His trousers are tucked into his boots, and his fingertip length coat is embroidered in red and white. He wears a white sash and blouse, with the yellow embroidery around the neckband and down the front. On his hat is also a bespangled decoration in a fan shape with a few feathers sticking out. The other men wear blue trousers, with white wool fingertip coats, flared around the hips. Like the groom, every man in the wedding party wears the decoration on his hat.

We arrived in this small country village at ten o'clock in the morning, about an hour before the festivities began. The narrow road was

void of inhabitants except for a flock of geese waddling about. We assumed that the people were inside their houses because of the heavy snow falling. We soon learned differently, however. Upon entering the home of our host, we found that the house was full of not only relatives, but half of the villagers, feasting at long tables. The womenfolk were all in the kitchen preparing the main meal of the day. On three or more work tables, one could see great pans full of veal cutlets, steaks, and pork roasts all in preparation for the big celebration. The women stopped from their labors long enough to give us a warm handshake and welcome us into the home. We were led into the main living room where about twenty-five men were seated at the long tables eating, drinking, and enjoying a good chat. They greeted us warmly, and we sat down with them in the large, low room, whose rafters nearly touched the heads of these tall men who had come to the wedding. The clean, nicely painted rafters serve as cupboard space for bedding as well as for colorful hand-painted dishes. Even the large, fluffy feather beds, and pillows that are stuffed up into the ceiling have a colorful strip of handmade lace holding the ends of the white pillow cover together. In one end of the room is the large, fancy stove that reaches to the ceiling, looking very much like a monument.

After we sat down on the long bench behind the long table they brought us thick slices of country bread, each slice about a foot long, with country-made smoked bacon fat, that looks like salt pork, which we ate with the bread. That is the greatest gesture of hospitality among the peasants in this country, and it is surprisingly tasty. After this, they brought up plates of home-baked cookies, cakes, and pastries in every form and shape and decorated with frostings, fillings, and whipped cream. They were delicious.

As we met these people, one by one, it seemed to me that everyone had the same name. Upon inquiry, I was told that the inhabitants of this village use only four male names, and four female names. To me, it was very confusing, but to them it is very sensible. For generations, the men here have been known as either John, Thomas, Martin, or Paul, and the women as Eva, Katherina, Anne, or Elizabeth. In case there are more than four male or female babies born in a family, they start naming them over again as John II, Thomas II, Eva II, and so on.

At about eleven o'clock, the bridegroom came into the room, dressed in his light blue costume, accompanied by his goodman, or advocate, who does all the talking for him. The best man, as we would call him, asks the parents of the bridegroom to give him their blessing. This, of course, is granted, and the words used throughout the ceremony both by parents and best man are Bible verses, and some of them are chanted. After this little ceremony in the house, we all went outside to form a wedding procession, which was to march down the village street, to the strains of the town band, to the home of the bride.

IT was a strange procession, led by a group of the young male rela-

tives of the family. These young fellows, dressed in their light blue pants and white, fingertip-length coats, flaring slightly from the waist, embroidered in red, blue, and green, made quite a picture as they danced and sang along the snow-covered country road. Behind them came the town band attracting as much attention as the group ahead, but with the help of a drum and brass horns. It was the kind of an old-fashioned country band that one only reads about. It was interesting to actually see and hear one.

Following the band, came the bridegroom, very solemn and serious, accompanied by his best man, who, in a respect, acts as his lawyer, and his advisor. Behind them walked the colorful group of young girls, with their bright costumes and gay headdresses. As they walked with light, almost dancing steps, their bright yellow skirts swung from side to side. Even the tiny girls, some only five or six years old wore these costumes, and they looked so sweet with their little feet in boots, and their yellow skirts swinging. Following the young girls came the matrons, whose dresses were somewhat more subdued and practical. The rest of the parade was made up of the wedding guests, including us, the foreigners, who must have looked strange in our modern dress of the western civilization.

In this fashion we marched down the road to the home of the bride, where we found that more feasting and celebrations had been going on all morning. We entered the house, where the representatives or advocates of the bride and groom did all the talking, arguing back and forth about the advantages and disadvantages of the marriage state. During their somewhat heated discussion about the merits and disadvantages of marriage, they spoke in Biblical terms, using quotations from Paul, and various prophets. They each quoted passages from the Bible on the subject, pro and con. Finally, the groom was quizzed on his knowledge of the Bible, which he knew very well, as does every inhabitant of this town. The advocates agreed that he was worthy to take a wife from the family and suggested that he choose his bride. First an old, old lady was brought in, but he said she was not the one. Then another, younger one, appeared, but she again, was not the one. In a moment the real bride was brought in and, upon the groom's request, the advocate asked the parents for her. The father gave his consent, upon which the girl went to her father, thanked him for the home, education, and all he had given her, and asked to be forgiven of all her wrongdoings. He gave her his blessing, and it was a very tender scene between father and daughter.

Then everyone came out of the house, and the parade started back again towards the small white church on the hill. The groom still walked alone with the men, and the bride walked in the group of maidens. The gaiety continued, but the bride and groom were very solemn and serious.

At the church we sat in the visitors' balcony where we could view all the proceedings nicely. The women entered the church first, and sat on one side of the room. The

(*Continued on page 761*)

I Saw Paricutin

Ann Rich

EVER since the morning paper flashed the news that a fire-and-brimstone-hurling volcano was being born in the flat cornfields of Paricutin, Mexico, I was possessed of an insatiable desire to see it. My husband listened indulgently whenever I dreamed aloud about such a journey. Our young son smiled superciliously, advising me to go into training before contemplating so rugged a trip. Our daughter was totally unimpressed. In spite of the indifference of my family, the idea of seeing Paricutin continued to smolder. Four years later I was able to consummate my plans for the trip. As late as 1947 it was still possible to observe the prolonged birth throes of Paricutin, the Western Hemisphere's youngest volcano.

On the 20th of February 1943, to the peaceful little farm village of Paricutin, Mexico, came the bewildering, disturbing, and soul-searing experience of witnessing the writhing agony of Mother Earth in labor. For these simple people it meant destruction of house, home, and field. The great Mother trembled and they were frightened. She knocked at their doors and they knew not what it meant. She gathered her mighty forces and warned that her time had come. Room and more room was needed for the birth, the birth of a baby volcano. And so, for these peasants, birth brought destruction.

The four, long years of waiting came to an end and I left the border behind and arrived in Mexico City whence the trek to Paricutin started. Here the final arrangements were made and early one morning we planned to leave Mexico City—that is, as early as the native driver, Salvadore, could rouse himself. He arrived late but, seeing that sunny smile all over his clean-shaven brown face, who could be angry? And even when I observed he was not driving to the open highway, but to the congested part of the city where he stopped uno momento (in order to pick up two more passengers not counted on), that same smile again completely disarmed me.

Finally, under the power of Salvadore's cautious driving, we skimmed along smoothly and comfortably over splendid roads all the way to the flower-filled mountain town of Patscuaro. Here we rested for the night.

THE following morning saw us on the last lap of the journey to Uruapan, which was to be our headquarters before taking off for the great adventure. These roads, too, were excellent, except that they climbed, twisted, and turned, each good turn being repaid by many other good turns. By noon we reached the summit. This was a breath-taking spot called Mil Cumbres, meaning "a thousand peaks," and so it seemed as they spread out to the far horizon in countless, undulating, sea-green crests. From this vantage point we were able to see dimly a thin wisp of smoke coming

from the great spectacle we were soon to view at close quarters.

Upon arriving at our Uruapan hotel, we had a hasty mid-afternoon cup of cinnamon-flavored chocolate in a brightly colored, tile-lined patio, filled with lush semi-tropical growth. The air was pregnant with electricity, garlic, and well-fed flies!

No sooner had we donned the blue denim coveralls furnished by the hotel for the horseback ride to the volcano, than the torrential rains came. When Salvadore questioned the advisability of starting, the two Texans, our added passengers, voiced my own thoughts by saying, "Hi, oh, Salvi, let's go!" I, too, agreed that it be Paricutin or drown.

The special automobile which Salvadore had engaged for the drive between Uruapan and the pony rendezvous, was already waiting for us. This heavy car, with extra durable tires, was necessary in order to carry it over the glassy rubble of the recently blazed road. Prior to the volcano's nativity, the approach from Uruapan to the little agricultural center in the valley of Paricutin was by mountain trail and burro back. Even after four years of tourist travel, the mountain trail could scarcely be called a road. We lumbered over wide ruts, crevices, ravines, washes, and steep grades. Only the weight of the car, coupled with the slow gait at which it tossed about, kept it upright. We riders within experienced all the physical discomforts of every disagreeable mode of travel. It was a conglomerate sensation of rides on camels, elephants, and storm-rocked ships. While I groaned and braced myself wherever I could, the Texans were calling upon all the shades of Hades. Their steady flow of profanity was pleasantly tempered by a delightful Southern drawl. Angry rivulets, red mud, and the pelting rain were all about. What with the blinding sheets of water, I was beginning to wonder why I had not included swimming in my preparations for this trip. Each time our special driver dashed across fissures spanned merely by two loose planks I was sure the end was at hand but, miraculously enough, he made it every time.

ULTIMATELY the rain ceased as suddenly as it had started and we reached San Juan de las Colchas, where we pulled up to the group of waiting Indians and their ponies. I no sooner crept out of the car than an Indian led his pony directly to me, saying in fairly understandable Spanish that this pony was the smallest and *muy bien* (very good) for me. I speak of his Spanish being fairly understandable because many Indians in remote sections speak their own dialects, so that to one whose ears are attuned to Castilian Spanish, theirs could sound strangely foreign. He called my attention to the nice, new, intricately tooled saddle. Yes, it looked nice. I learned later that its unyielding newness was nice enough to kill.

After helping me to mount the pony, the Indian threw the reins to his son, about ten years of age, who was to lead the pony up the trail. The two Texans had already taken off on their ponies like ducks to water. Salvadore had started. Other groups of tourists were falling in-

VOLCANO AT PARICUTIN, MEXICO

to the trek. I slowly followed to the mournful droning chant of the *muchacho* (boy).

Leaving San Juan de las Colchas, we rode over a gently rising slope covered with damp, black ashes. I quite envied the *muchacho* the joy of trudging barefoot. Each step left the imprint of five little toes and a perfect arch. In a short time a stiff breeze came up and I fastened the braided cord of the sombrero under my chin. The hat served as a suitable windbreak as well as a rain shield. As I looked up I could see that Salvadore was keeping himself warm by galloping away at full speed. With his crimson poncho (blanket) billowing about his portly body, he no longer was the white-collared tourist interpreter, but a child of the peasant tribesmen. That was the last I saw of him for the next hour and a half.

The climb grew steadily steeper, the light dimmer. Presently I saw one of the most poignant sights of the whole trip. As far up the hillside as was visible, there stood etched against a backdrop of black ashes, unburied, twisted limbs of treetops, stripped to ivory nakedness. This was the aftermath of Mother Earth's hot, spewing breath during her supreme struggle. Here they stood, transfixed, the silent sentinels of a new order. The unchanging dirge-like chant of the *muchacho* sent a deeper eeriness through me.

From here we moved on to the edge of the lava beds, which were the exhausted masses of cinnamon-colored boulders. These were precariously heaped to monstrous heights by the powerful forces exerted from the adjacent molten lava. Both boy and pony now cautiously picked their way over the treacherous rocks, while I desperately clung to the pommel in order to compensate for the many shifting positions. Off and on, we would pass through heavy warm vapors and be momentarily enveloped. We continued to climb.

Next we found ourselves in a furrow flanked by steep walls of serrated rock, rising to saber-like pinnacles. All this was once the pulsating lifeblood of Mother Earth. Gradually we reached the crest between two furrows. Here we were able to stand atop the surface-cooled ridge and view the countless semi-congealed streams of molten lava which had careened down the valley nearly a mile wide and twelve miles

long. All that was once a settlement was gone. Only the twin spires of the elaborate cathedral remained.

After an awesome pause in this weird atmosphere of death-like silence, the little guide led the pony off the lava beds, along an ash-covered path which zigzagged ever higher until we reached the summit. This hill from which we were to view Paricutin was about a half mile, as the crow flies, from the volcano.

IT was at paling twilight that I got my first glimpse of the rose-tinted cone, silhouetted against the darkening heavens. Rolling white puffs of velvet-like softness rose out of the crater, gradually to spread out into fleecy white clouds. Each new display of Mother Earth's fiery breath was heralded by resounding rumblings. This roaring came at almost regular intervals followed by a pause, and then fleecy puffs again, as if the mother were catching her breath for the spasm. To have said a word to anyone, even if I could have made myself heard, would have seemed sacrilegious. How well these simple little guides understood, for they left us entirely alone to gaze and meditate.

Dense darkness now enveloped Paricutin. The wonder child, swathed in colors of flame and white, was magnified a thousandfold. Off in the outer arc of the sky, as though keeping a safe distance, myriad curious stars came out of the darkness to blink and witness with us the prolonged pangs of Mother Earth's childbearing. Over and over she unashamedly roared, hissed, and belched forth fiery funnels of blood-red fumes to be dissipated in the heavily laden, gaseous atmosphere.

It was very dark and cold when my *muchacho* came quietly up to me with a boxed lunch. Looking around, I could see that the other guides were doing the same. Soon Salvadore had started a small fire around which we huddled. No one seemed to have much appetite for food. The young Texans were hopping up and down to keep warm, throwing in a few cowboy "yippees." Now and then they would lapse into a quieter mood and soberly comment, "What a sight!"

During this time the guides got the idea of keeping us amused by running races down the ash-covered hill to bring back pieces of hot sulphur. In between runs they would happily accept any portions of uneaten food, and proceed to entertain with more races, wrestling, and giggling. Like children everywhere, they enjoyed holding the center of the stage.

After this Salvadore pointed out a new aperture in the volcano. It was at the base, far removed from the crater, from which a wide flow of lava was pouring out. With the aid of binoculars we could see more minutely the mammoth scarlet chunks give way, spilling and tumbling into the seething cauldron of blood-red lava-food for Paricutin's growth.

SOMETIME later, thoroughly inspired as well as chilled, we reluctantly commenced the descent. This ride was to prove even more painful, for there were no new positions left into which I might shift.

(*Continued on page 760*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

WOMAN: You talk about the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering in the brains of so many men of genius.—O. W. Holmes.

IN MEMORIAM

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

MARICOPA STAKE: Sister Ann Kleinman reported the Alma Ward, showing that a portion of the sisters were alive to their duties, encouraged mothers to be more zealous. Sister Savage spoke encouragingly of the Papago Ward, said the native sisters were anxious to learn from their white sisters the domestic duties of wives and mothers. —F. E. Robson, Stake Sec.

THE LOST LENORE: The cottage in which Edgar Poe wrote "The Raven" has been torn down to make room for more modern buildings: but before it was demolished, even for years, since the death of Poe, relic hunters have visited the place carrying away anything portable; shingles, wallpaper, fire-place and window-lattice: so that really not much remained of the original home.

THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD HOURS

Thoughts of my childhood hours,
Revel awhile for me,
And pluck from fancy's bowers,
Fair leaves from life's young tree
Sweet buds of youth and beauty,
Growing uncheck'd and free,
In loving truth and duty
Oh, bring them back to me!

REASONS WHY: We do not intend to sit down in the corner and cry for sugar plums when there is so much needed work to be done, we do not believe in the fiction of the clinging vine, for although woman is more delicate in her organization than man, though she may sometimes carry her love of the refined and the beautiful to an extreme, still her heart is of oak, and when called to pass through scenes of trouble and distress, often exhibits a fortitude and carries burdens at which man would shrink, and when the trumpet sounds and the watchman on the tower cries aloud that the day is breaking, woman will be there with man and receive the reward of victory.—Phebe C. Young.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. J. L. BLAIR BUCK, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was one of the Town Hall World Seminar group which visited twelve capitals of the world this past summer. At Karachi she was a panel member of the Town Meeting program. In Berlin, Mrs. Buck, Miss Anna Lord Strauss, president of the League of Women Voters, and Mrs. Edith Sampson, of the National Council of Negro Women, gave a broadcast over the German radio, and about fifty women leaders held an animated, intelligent, much-to-the-point discussion, on the topic "What Problems Are Women Facing in Germany Today?" In Greece, Mrs. Blair and Miss Strauss met with the ten organizations of Greek women affiliated with the General Federation.

IN a recent anthology, *A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry*, which the compiler, Oscar Williams, poet and critic, calls "a compilation of the best poetry of the twentieth century," eighteen women are represented. Among these, the best known are Elinor Wylie, Emily Dickinson, Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Sara Teasdale. The volume is indeed a "treasury" and is well worth careful study.

WHEN Rowland H. Macy started the Macy department store in New York City, one hundred and one years ago, he selected a woman, Margaret Getchell as his first top executive. Today, in this incredibly large institution, where sales frequently top a million dollars a day, and where three million dollars a year is spent on advertising, there are more women than men on the executive staff.

DOCTOR DOROTHY FOSDICK is the youngest member of the State Policy Planning staff of the United Nations, and the only woman on the staff. She was formerly a special assistant to the director of the office of European affairs, and an adviser to the American delegation at the meeting of the Assembly in Paris.

MRS. EDITH RUSSELL OLIPHANT, a gifted young Latter-day Saint writer, died August 18, 1949. Born in England, and a convert to the Church, she became associate editor of the *Millenial Star* and later came to Utah and attended Brigham Young University. She was awarded many prizes and received outstanding recognition for her stories, articles, and poetry. Her three-part story "The Russells Did Not Go to Church" appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in 1948.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 NOVEMBER 1949 NO. 11

Thanksgiving Without a Feast

WE think of Thanksgiving as actually beginning on an autumn day in 1621, after the Pilgrims had gathered their first harvest. We associate the word with reaping, the gathering of crops, and feasting on the good things which the earth yields abundantly.

And yet the very first Thanksgiving Day was not a harvest festival. There had been no reaping and there was no feast. Thanks were given for all blessings, and thus it happened that the first Thanksgiving was in the late autumn of 1620, before any seeds had been planted in the earth roundabout Plymouth.

It is recorded that the Pilgrim Fathers gave thanks when they first sighted the coast of New England. During their journeys of exploration and their trips inland to gather wood and search for food, they knelt and offered praise for the safe arrival of the Mayflower which had braved the stormy Atlantic and had arrived on the shores of the New World.

There, on the edge of the wilderness, they were conscious of the great barrier of the ocean, conscious of the separation of distance. They felt wonderment and curiosity concerning that vastness which lay beyond the "stern and rockbound coast," and their strength came from a realization of their dependence upon divine guidance.

Thoughts, clothed in the rhythm of words, are long remembered and seem to grow more precious with the years. We are indebted to Governor William Bradford for a lucid description of the end of a great sea journey, and the beginning of a new commonwealth.

> Being thus arrived in good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed ye God of heaven, who had brought them over ye vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all ye perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on ye firm and stable earth, their proper elemente.

The shore sloped up to the hills and the trees stood dark above the water. Winter had come to the New England coast and lay heavy on the hills. Ice had already locked the streams and snow covered the unknown reaches of the land.

> And for ye season it was winter . . . . a desolate wilderness . . . . for summer being done all things stand with a weather-beaten face, and ye whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hiew.

Such was the unwelcoming shore, and such the feelings of the Pilgrim Fathers on that day and in that year wherein the cornerstone of a nation was laid and the beginning of Thanksgiving came to America. For, as Governor Bradford so earnestly expresses it:

> Our forefathers came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in the

wilderness; but they cried unto ye Lord, and he heard their voyce . . . . Let them therefore praise ye Lord because he is good and his mercies endure forever.

The Pilgrims had found a home, and they expressed their gratitude for a haven in the New World, a place for the building of houses of worship, for the erecting of stately halls of government, for an opportunity to build the material security and spiritual strength which are necessary for the complete development of a people.

And now, in this time of social unrest and shifting values, it is well for us to remember the words inscribed on Governor Bradford's monument, which, with the passing years, become even more significant: "What our fathers with so much difficulty secured, do not basely relinquish."

V. P. C.

Ascendant Autumn

Ruth Harwood

This is a canticle of autumn,
The essence of its mortal and immortal messages.

Autumn, the very whisper of the wind among the trees,
Is achingly poignant with human, tender memories.
Language of longing, heart's hunger unfulfilled,
Elegies of utter wistfulness, threnodies of dusk
Before the passing day is stilled.

Autumn, the vibrant glowing *overself* which shines above
The lonely, aching, human heart of love,
Time's balanced place of beauty where we can behold
The radiance of spirit's high, eternal gold.

Earth Decorator

Christie Lund Coles

Yesterday her place was done
In palest silk chartreuse,
And pastel shades of petal-pink
Too delicate for use.

Today, she covers footstools
In varied shades of red,
Gleaming gold, and amethyst.
Upon the hill is spread

A counterpane of orange,
Bright crimson, purple, blue;
Her tapestries are very gay
And definitely new.

She is most lavish in her choice
Of shades flamboyant, bright,
Yet soon her whim will change and she'll
Re-do the place in white.

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

TOMATO AND CORN CHOWDER

(Makes about 8 quarts)

2 qts. and 1 cup tomatoes
1½ qts. diced potatoes
1 good sized onion sliced
2 No. 2 cans corn
2½ qts. white sauce
¼ cup diced bacon, browned
6 eggs, hard cooked
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. pepper
1 cup bacon, chicken, or other fat
1 bay leaf
3 sprigs parsley
2½ tbsp. salt

Fry onions in bacon fat. Combine all ingredients, except white sauce and eggs, and cook till potatoes and onions are tender. Add white sauce and sliced eggs.

SANDWICHES

(Makes about 50 sandwiches)

½ cup soft butter or margarine
2 cups grated cheese
2 cups finely chopped nuts
1 tsp. paprika

Mix butter or margarine with the cheese and nuts and paprika into a paste. Spread on any kind of bread.

* * * * *

Here is a very old cookie recipe. The longer they stand the better they are.

GINGER COOKIES

2 cups lard
2½ cups molasses
1 cup brown sugar
2 tbsp. ginger
2 tbsp. soda
4 eggs, well beaten
6-8 cups flour

Put the lard, sugar, molasses, and ginger on the stove and let come to a rolling boil. Add the soda. Mix and allow to cool. When cool add well-beaten eggs and flour enough (about 6-8 cups) to roll out. Cut in large rounds and bake in moderately hot oven 350° for 10-15 minutes.

They are very nice to make into animals and ginger men to hang on Christmas trees.

The Long Wed

Lael W. Hill

They have come a long way from young love's
eager chatter
To find that in silences much can be heard;
Smile speaks to smile all the phrases that matter,
Heart answers heart—with never a word.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 11

Synopsis: Joanna, widowed when her children were small, courageously works into a profitable business selling Boston-baked beans and bakery goods. Her neighbor, Abigail Smith, as a partner, gives much hard work and good advice. Joanna, placing the welfare of her children first, buys a comfortable home from Kent Taylor, a writer, acting temporarily as a real estate agent. In order to attend a P.T.A. meeting, Joanna breaks a date with Kent and he leaves town. Joanna and Abigail open a number of new shops and Joanna finds her life enriched with many new friends and the abiding love of her children. Kent Taylor returns from an assignment in Europe and asks Joanna to marry him. In order to become Kent's wife, she plans to leave her children in Abigail's care for six months while Kent will be stationed in New York. Just before the wedding, however, Joanna decides that she cannot leave her family, especially while Penny is going out with a young man of questionable character. She devotes herself to business and to the problems of her household, becoming especially interested in the ambitions of Michael, her youngest child.

MORE years went by and the war ended at last and David came home to pack away his medals and his uniform and to parry their questions about his sojourn overseas. He was taller and very brown, silent. But he came often to hug Joanna fiercely and mutter, "It's good to be home." They gave him a job in the Mutual, and between that and school, he was seldom home. Henry died, and Abigail came to live with them, her presence comforting as sunshine.

Joanna came home one February afternoon to find Abigail arranging a dozen red roses into a blue pottery vase. "For Penny?" Joanna asked.

Abigail nodded. "There's another token in the refrigerator."

Joanna opened the door and peered into the florist's box. "Hmmm. More orchids. From whom?"

Abigail chuckled, "From the haves and the have-nots. The orchids are from Lance Kendall of the Kendall Motors, and the roses are from Mark Saunders . . . orphan . . . artist . . . and on good days I reckon he has two dimes to rub together."

Joanna giggled. "You sound like a soap opera." She put the orchids back in the refrigerator and closed the door. "Penny wearing them tonight?"

Abigail's eyes twinkled. "No. It seems that Lance Kendall just took an awful lot for granted when he assumed Penny would go with him to some dinner or other at a moment's notice."

Joanna sat on the edge of the kitchen table. "Honestly, you know everything. I'd like to get in on my children's love affairs once in awhile."

Abigail thrust the last rose into the vase and reached for a dish towel. "You've been spending all your time at the office, trying to earn more money than we need. But I think you'll be hearin' from Mark and Penny one of these first days.

They'll be coming to ask your blessing."

"No!" Joanna slid off the table. "It's not gone that far!"

Abigail picked up the vase and sniffed the roses. "Penny is twenty. She's in love. You married younger."

"You know it's not her age. But I won't have her marrying Mark Saunders. I won't let her. I won't!" She stood still, looking at her trembling hands.

"You're letting yourself get upset over something you can't help."

Joanna lifted her eyes. "You know what it's like to be poor. You've been through the things I've been through. You love Penny. Do you want her to have the life we knew?"

Abigail put the roses back on the table. She faced Joanna. "Listen to me, Joanna. I've been poor and now, thanks to you, I'm a well-to-do woman, an' I can't see a speck of difference in my happiness. I was happy with Henry. I've been very happy with your children and you." She came to Joanna and hugged her briefly. "Never will I forget what a perky little thing you were. Remember in' just this morning how you taught Primary when you were dead on your feet."

JOANNA kissed the soft, lined forehead. "I was grim and grave in those days . . . took religion seriously."

Abigail hesitated. "Did you know that it was on account of you that I went to Church . . . that I started payin' my tithes?"

"No?" Joanna laughed. "All these years and I didn't know."

Abigail nodded vigorously. "You were one of the shining ones, then an' I never stopped being grateful to you for opening a door to me. That's why I've stayed here when times I was so mad I would have left you in a minute . . . like now."

"Abigail! You couldn't leave me. What have I done?"

Abigail sniffed. "You're being perfectly pigheaded over Mark and Penny. Not taking into account how glad you ought to be that Penny's found a man of her own faith."

"There's plenty of nice boys of all faiths."

Abigail turned away. "I guess I should have known you would say that. Of course, there are nice boys of all faiths. But to think that Penny should be so blessed . . . . Did you know Mark's work is attracting attention back East?"

Joanna shrugged. "Abigail, once and for all, I don't care what attention Mark's work gets. I won't have Penny marrying a hand-to-mouth artist, and I'm not in the mood to support one myself."

Abigail turned heavily toward the kitchen table. She picked up the vase again and carried it into the dining room. Over her shoulder, she asked in last defiance, "How are you going to stop her from marrying him, if she chooses?"

Joanna swept off her smart fur hat and let the new fur coat slide from her shoulders. She sank wearily into a kitchen chair and stared out into the garden. The willow tree trailed its naked fingers in the snow and the rose bushes bowed under the white burden. Sparrows scolded by the tiny pond.

Sally came dancing in from school. Sixteen years old. Joanna marveled at the change that had

come over the chubby-faced little girl. The blue eyes that had been so bland and wide were sparkling with a thousand secrets, dark with mystery.

"Hi!" She came over and kissed Joanna. "How's everything?"

"Fine," Joanna said tonelessly. "How is school?"

"Marvelous. Are you coming to see the play?"

"What play?"

"What play?" Sally rolled her eyes heavenward in despair. "The Mutual play. I'm the lead. I get kissed. Oh, Mother, I'm wonderful." She stopped short. "Why did you turn Mrs. Williams down, when she asked you to take a Beehive class?"

Joanna ran her hand through her hair. "With my nerves, I'd probably bite off the heads of the little Beehivers. I'm much . . . much too busy."

Sally fished in the breadbox and brought out a loaf of bread. She looked for the bread knife. "You're taking things too hard. You need a vacation. Remember when we were little and you used to tell us about the vacation we would take when we were terribly wealthy." She waved the bread knife in a wide dramatic sweep . . . "Palm trees, beaches, the sea . . . we'd lie in the sun for weeks and weeks, we'd visit all the glamorous places and bow to the movie stars. . . ." She sliced the bread vigorously. "Well, that's one present you never gave us."

JOANNA sat up suddenly. "Sally! Would you like a trip like that? Not just California, but *all over* the United States . . . perhaps Canada?"

Sally pretended to swoon. "Would I? Does a little child love ice cream. Mother! You don't mean . . . ?"

Joanna smiled. "I do. You and Michael and . . . Penny."

"Penny? She won't go."

"Oh, yes she will."

Sally held the sandwich up. "Penny is in love. Didn't you know? With that simply terrific Mark Saunders. She wouldn't go to Bountiful, if you gave her the town."

Joanna smiled. "But she would go . . . to help her ailing mother."

Sally put down her sandwich. "You're not . . . is anything wrong?"

"Nothing except Mark Saunders. I won't let Penny marry that impecunious artist, if I can do anything to prevent it."

"Oh," said Sally. She put the bread, untasted on the table.

"Why do you look at me like that?" Joanna asked.

Sally turned away. "You . . .you just surprised me is all. . . ." Her voice was low.

Joanna watched the straight young back for a moment. It did not turn. Sally picked up her coat and hat and went out of the kitchen.

Over her shoulder Joanna said, "We'll leave next week."

"The play is next week," Sally insisted.

"Sorry, darling, but this is more important."

Joanna went upstairs to her room and put the coat and hat carefully away. She had taken Penny's old room when Penny had started to go out a great deal, so that she would not be disturbed. She went out on the little porch that was so

delightful in the summertime with its wicker furniture. Now it was bleak. The town was hidden under a pall of smoke, but to the west the sun was setting in flaming splendor.

She watched David's car come up the street. She smiled, seeing David's hand thrust out when he turned into the driveway, the cautious slowing down, so like David, careful, conscientious. No trace in him at all of his gay and reckless father. She went back into her room and changed into a housecoat and stretched wearily on the chaise longue. She heard David's step on the stair and then he knocked at her door.

"Come in, David. I've been watching you come home."

He opened the door and came in. He wore glasses now; they gave his face a scholarly look. But his blond hair was still as rumpled as when he was a little boy. He bent to kiss her and Joanna patted it into place. "What's new?"

He pushed her over and sat beside her. "Mom, do you love me?"

She grinned at him. "Even though you are a pill . . . I love you still." The old childhood rhyme brought the slow smile to his mouth.

"How would you like it if I ran out on you for a couple of years?"

"I wouldn't." Joanna sat up. "You've just come back."

"I've been called on a mission . . . to Great Britain."

JOANNA sank back. She sighed in relief. "Oh, you frightened me for a moment. Of course, you can't go."

"Why not?"

Something in his voice she had never heard before, a withdrawal, as though she had become a stranger. She took his hand. "I need you, David."

"What is it?" Quick alarm and concern in his eyes, and instantly, the old adoring love.

"It's Penny . . ."

"I know. Has Mark been around to sue for her hand? He told me he was trying to get up courage."

Joanna leaned forward. "I won't have her marry Mark. I won't, I tell you, I won't."

"But Mother, Mark's a swell guy, none better."

"He's not good enough for Penny. After all the years I've worked and slaved to give her something better than I do. . . . Do you think I'm going to throw her right back into poverty? No. No!" Suddenly she was crying, fiercely, bitterly, the hot tears burning her palms and running down her wrists.

"Mother . . . Mother, please!" He tried to take her hands away from her face.

"I want you to stay home and run the business. I'll take Penny and Michael and Sally on a long . . . long trip. You're the only one I can trust."

"I see." He dropped her hands.

She lifted her face to him. "You think I'm being cruel and unreasonable, but you don't know what Penny has always meant to me. You know she's not like other girls . . . she's different . . . . there is so much of loveliness in her."

"I know." David turned to face her. "Mother, don't you see? Don't you understand about Penny?

She doesn't need a lot of fancy gadgets around her. She doesn't feed on things like clothes, or jewels, or cars. She is nourished from deeper springs." He stared over Joanna's head. "Once, in March it was, I found her in the garden, holding a twig of willow against her face. She looked at me with that shining in her. 'I'm trying to listen to the life inside,' she said, 'the something in this willow that is already alive and racing toward spring, green life, David, coming up through the earth, running through the little green tunnels of this willow.' I said to her, 'Well, it sure looks dead on the outside.' She smiled at me, you know that funny little secret smile of hers, and she said, 'You just don't know, David.' "

Joanna shook her head. "I know. It sounds just like her. Sounds like her poetry, too. Oh, David, I have such dreams for her. Such a future. I'll take care of her, guard her from every sorrow. She will write things that will make the world sit up and take notice."

David sighed heavily. "Oh, Mom, you don't understand. You're trying to keep Penny from life, from beauty. Work and struggle are beautiful . . . don't you see?"

JOANNA rose and walked over to her dressing table. "No. I don't see. I can't let my visionary children ruin their lives. I've given too much, sacrificed too much."

David rose slowly. "We owe you a great deal, Mother. I've never forgotten the way you had to work when we were small. The winter mornings I would wake up to find you slaving over those ranges."

Joanna turned to face him. "If you remember those things, David, you will do as I say. You will forget this missionary call for the time being, and you will stay home and watch over things while I take Penny on this trip."

David was silent for a long time. Then he lifted his head; his face was quiet. "Something tells me that I am going to have the privilege of going on a mission. So, perhaps it is all right to stay home now . . . A year is not long . . . I can go when you get back."

Joanna bent above the silver brushes on her table. "Plenty of time for missions . . . plenty of time."

In the mirror she watched him leave the room. He closed the door quietly behind him. Joanna looked at her reflection. She looked unutterably tired. But still her face had not lost its beauty, the silver wings of hair above her temples were becoming, they made the rest of her dark hair seem richer and more shining. She had put on weight in the last year, but it had smoothed away the lines that used to run sharply from nose to mouth. She looked brisk, and attractive and competent. She looked as if she would be interesting to know . . . worldly, amusing.

I'll need clothes, Joanna thought, and went to the closet to take inventory. Suddenly the thought of the people she would meet, the gay, witty, tolerant people, filled her with a frantic desire to be gone. Penny would meet someone devastating, and that would be the end of Mark Saunders.

(To be concluded)

Fun With Spools

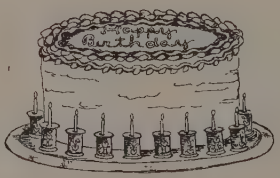
Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

EMPTY spools are such nice little wooden objects to paint. They are smooth and even in size and just the thing to hold small size candles.

Show card colors or oil paints work equally well, and with little effort and lots of fun, you can decorate them to suit the occasion. Hearts and flowers in the Pennsylvania Dutch manner, letters to spell out "Happy Birthday," "Valentine Greetings," "Happy Easter," fancy stripes, or funny faces—you can think up many more.

Surround the next birthday cake with a circle of spool candle holders, or use one at each place to hold the place card at your next party. It's fun to use simple things effectively!



November Moon

Margaret B. Shomaker

The blood-red moon hangs low upon the hill
Against the darkened arch of indigo,
And on the night a cry of whippoorwill,
The low and doleful tone is long and slow.
I bend my knees to ease and follow her
As she wends her way upon the ground.
But where? I do not see the grasses stir;
Listening long, I hear no other sound.

Slow over stubble field I move with care;
The cornstalks, stripped of foliage, dry and still,
And earth, man-scarred, is waiting for repair.
The breeze foretells a winter white and chill;
Across the field new hope in this November,
My heart drinks full a beauty to remember.

You Can Learn

PART II

C Is for Clay and D Is for Dirt

Katherine Kelly

WE were late with supper that night. In fact, we were late every night, unless we ate before Tom did the chores.

I was a little silent, too. It didn't seem that I would ever learn. Even Mother said that I was a tomboy. Tom, eight years older than I, liked me to act dignified. Just that night I had forgotten again. I had been so happy when I'd seen him coming home from the fields that, since I was riding Betsy, bringing the cows home from the pasture, I had whirled her around and dashed off through the fields to meet Tom. Then I had jumped from the pony while she was still running, as my brother had taught me to do, and run headlong toward Tom. But the colt he was breaking had snorted, and reared and the team had started to run.

Tom, who was a master with horses, had quieted them again in a few minutes. I had taken Betsy's rein and trailed slowly after him to the corral.

Tom had been very angry. "Can't you see that you scared the horses and won't you ever learn not to run that pony through the fields like that? She might have broken her leg," he had stormed at me.

I had taken Betsy's bridle off and turned her into the pasture. Then I had leaned against the corral fence while Tom carefully unharnessed and fed the team.

At length he had grinned at me and taken my hand as we walked toward the house. I felt penitent. Only this afternoon I had vowed that I *would* be a good farmer's wife.

* * *

"Let me help you milk tonight. I can milk, honest I can, I used to milk the little Jersey all the time at home."

"That was different. I don't want my wife milking cows. You'll have enough to do in the house. Boy, does that fresh bread smell good!" he said as we opened the door and went into the house.

I was happy again as I got out the wood alcohol to light the lamps and he took the milk buckets and went out again. We were very proud of those lights. They were gasoline lights and we had to warm them up with a wood alcohol torch, so it wasn't like just turning a button. But it was a sort of ritual with me and, when the lights came on so bright and beautiful, they were such a satisfaction. Brighter than electricity, we always said. They hung from the ceiling, too, and had a round glass bulb. Most farmers just had coal-oil lamps.

As the room flooded with light, I looked proudly about the kitchen. The new plaster was smooth and white. It really didn't need kalsomine. The new white paint gleamed beautifully without a flyspeck as yet, and the blue in the oilcloth we

had put on that afternoon really complemented the bluebirds I had painted on the filmy, new curtains.

I carefully shut the doors into the bedroom and the living room. We didn't have the money for paper and paint for them yet, but it wouldn't be long. Not many newly married couples could build a brand new three-room house on a farm. It was stucco on the outside and I could just see how it would look with pink roses on a white trellis by the porch. Tom had thought that maybe two rooms would do because we would be moving into town in a few years. But I told him stoutly that I didn't want to move into town, that people who made their home on the farm where they could take care of things, always did better and I wanted a house that could be a *home*.

As I set the table for supper I thought again about jumping off that horse and acting so unladylike. I was always too impulsive and careless. Well, I wouldn't do that again. Maybe Tom would rather I just stood framed in the doorway, the lamplight making a halo around my head like I had seen pictures of women waiting for their men. That's what I would do after this.

WHILE we ate supper I told Tom about Daisy eating the little tree and how I had bandaged it up with mud. Tom was tired, but he smiled and teased, "Do you think that will help it?"

"Well, sure, it will make it grow just like new. Mary thinks so, too."

I knew that he would value Mary's opinion as he did her cooking. He had lived in his sister Mary's home for so long that he practically worshiped her.

"And, honey, do you know what I was thinking today?" I decided to break the subject gently as I hauled in the sick lamb, box and all, and prepared to feed it some of the warm milk.

"No, I'd never know what you were thinking of next, what is it this time?"

"I was thinking that I could plant some lawn, just a little lawn, out in front here and when that tree is big we could sit out on the lawn in the shade."

"Now, Kate, sweetheart, please don't get all those funny ideas. You just build yourself a heartache. You know we don't get the water turn often enough to keep a lawn alive. And you couldn't even get one to come up on this darned clay spot."

"What do you mean *clay spot?*" I asked absently as I picked a few ticks off the lamb and put them carefully in the stove. "I think I'll spray this poor lamb with some fly spray. The ticks are eating it alive."

"You know we built the house on a clay spot, don't you? This ground is just like that I hauled the straw manure on over by the south fence. It won't raise anything for years."

"But—but why then did you build the house here? It is too close to Joe's fence anyway, or you could have built up nearer the road."

"Dad said this was the place to build. 'Just as well put your house here, can't raise anything anyway,' that's just what he said."

"But I should think you would want your house where you could raise things best. I want currant

and raspberry bushes, a garden, and flowers and *everything*."

"My dear, that's the kind of farms they have in books. This is a *real* farm. This heavy clay soil won't raise flowers anywhere, much less on this clay spot. You'll find out about this soil before you have lived here much longer. Now I'm tired and am going to bed, coming?"

"In a minute. I've got to think. And I want to wash the dishes."

I walked out onto the porch and on out into the moonlight. So this ground wouldn't raise lawn and flowers, and we only got the water every ten days! People who built their houses on clay spots so they wouldn't waste any good farming ground! I all but frothed at the mouth as I walked up and down in the moonlight. Still *none* of the other farmers around us had lawn and flowers. Maybe they *couldn't* have them. Some of them didn't even have trees. Well, I couldn't live that way. I'd change this soil! And I'd have a rose growing there by that porch if I had to water it with dishwater. No, the pigs had to have the dishwater. I'd water it with water from the washbasin. And some way I'd have a lawn, too.

A pheasant call sounded lonely from the fields and suddenly the spring night felt chill. I was glad to go back into the warm kitchen, dip some of the precious water into a pan, and wash the dishes.

I dallied a little, putting the dishes away on the newly painted shelves. Then I took a chair and climbed up and turned out the bright gas light. Softly I opened the bedroom door.

Next morning I was up bright and early, but Tom was up earlier and was out milking the cows. I went first to the box behind the stove to see how the lamb had fared during the night. It lay all stretched out, and at first I thought it was dead. Just then it gave a faint bleat and struggled to get up.

I ran as fast as I could go to the corral. "Tom," I yelled, "that lamb is worse, I think it is going to die. What can I do?"

The cow was startled and nearly upset the milk bucket. Tom patiently moved his stool and started milking again.

"Let it die, I guess. It probably will anyway," he said. "But if you want to monkey with it, Joe says castor oil sometimes helps. Mary has some if you want to try it."

I was on my way before he had stopped speaking. Joe was watering the lucern field which lay between our house and theirs but, fast as I was going, I took the ditches which crossed the path in my stride and scarcely saw them.

Mary was cooking breakfast. She left the stove and found the castor oil among the many bottles in her medicine cabinet. She held the bottle up to the light and shook it. "Yes, there is plenty here. You won't need more than a couple of teaspoonfuls. Don't you want a hot biscuit?"

"Oh, no, thanks, I'm in a hurry. Thanks a lot." And I was gone again as fast as I could run.

I jumped the ditches as I ran just as I had done on the way over, but I must have stepped too close to the edge of one. Down I went, my foot sinking deep in the mud and

throwing me forward with a splash. I caught myself with one hand and held the castor oil high with the other. But the more I tried to pull my feet out of the mud the farther in I sank. The mud itself just seemed to be pulling me deeper and deeper. "Tom," I called, "Tom!"

He was just coming to the house with the milk. He put the buckets carefully on the back porch and walked leisurely around to the front and started putting on his big boots. There was a big grin on his face.

Maybe I did look funny, but it was no joke. The more I floundered the deeper in I went. I would probably be clear to China before he got there. "Tom, come and help! Can't you see I am sinking deeper and deeper!"

"What did I tell you?" he said as he came toward me in his big boots. "Just like quicksand this soil when it's wet and just like a brick when it's dry. Maybe you'll believe what I said about this ground now."

He pulled me out and carried me the rest of the way home. Me with the bottle of castor oil held high and mud clear to my waist.

"Still want to raise flowers?" he teased as he set me safely on the porch.

Of course I wanted to raise flowers, what did that have to do with falling in the mud!

November Day

Beatrice K. Ekman

A cold day, a gray day,
Wind and rain and sleet;
Sullen clouds that do not break,
Shroud-mist on the wet, paved street.
The rain drips from the shingle eaves
In dreary monotone;
With gusty force against the pane,
A leafless branch is blown.
The sodden leaves cling to the grass,
Bare trees loom stark above . . .
I kindle fire in my heart . . .
In memory of my love.

Pioneer Recipe

Anna Prince Redd

I remember a very old and a very respected, early pioneer of Panguitch, Utah. She lived alone in a log-room home on the edge of town. Every day at exactly four P.M. a townswoman, taking her turn, would arrive (or her child would) at the cabin with a hot dinner for "Aunt Mariar," as she was fondly called.

One day when it was my mother's turn, she fixed the tray and sent me to deliver it.

"Tell Aunt Mariar," Mother said, "that I didn't have any eggs to make a cake today, but I'll make one tomorrow and send her two pieces. And be sure to tell her before you uncover the tray, or she'll be offended and won't eat any dinner. She loves cake."

Standing just beyond "Aunt Mariar's" reaching hands, I delivered the message, exactly.

Still living in her days of pioneer hardship, she leaned forward and cried out in a high-pitched voice: "Land sakes, child, you don't need eggs to make a cake! Just tell your Ma to add a little more soda to give it that yellow cast."

The Interest and Beauty of Vegetables

Mary Grant Judd

Member, Relief Society General Board

[This is the seventh in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects.—Ed.]

THERE is so much of beauty and interest in practically every phase of nature, if we will only learn to find it. But some of us rush around in the daily routine of our lives and miss half the fun that Mother Nature intended to give us. Take vegetables, for instance. Do they mean to you just "the edible portion of a plant" which you, as the housewife, must prepare for the family year in and year out because of their food value and vitamin content? Or are they part of nature's wealth in gorgeous colors and intriguing shapes?

Can you imagine more vivid colors than the "kelly green" of a pepper or the orange of carrots? What could be more gorgeous than the deep purple of an eggplant which has a satiny sheen that makes you want to stroke it? If I were an artist I'd like to choose such a subject as a grouping of ruby-red radishes flanked by bunches of fresh looking water cress and white spring onions with their long green tops. For interest I'd add a couple of artichokes and perhaps a head of cauliflower, the pure white of its interesting flowerets nestling in their own green leaves. And, for contrast, I'd put in the deep, deep red of bunched beets.

A customer in a grocery store once asked the storekeeper what he had in the shape of bananas. "Only cucumbers," was the reply. I suppose neither of them stopped to think that neither in nor out of a grocery store is there another fruit the shape of a banana. At least I've never seen one, have you? And it's the same with vegetables. Each one is as different from the others in contour as it is in color and flavor.

When that mythical character Mother Nature figured out vegetables, I think she must have been in a whimsical mood. Else why would she have hidden the kernels of corn—row on row—underneath their husks; or the little green balls we call peas inside their tiny pods? Was she so pleased when she developed a cabbage that she decided to make it in miniature and so created Brussels sprouts? And then did she get the idea of having an aristocrat in the cabbage family and so gave us cauliflower?

When she created onions and tomatoes Mother Nature must have been in a "designing mood." Sometime when you have an onion stop a minute and note the somewhat intricate design of the center and see how it is surrounded by rows of circles in almost perfect geomet-

rical perfection. And speaking of design, note the intricate one which a tomato cut in half makes. The dictionary says the tomato is "the fruit of a garden vegetable." Be that as it may, it is a vegetable to me and always will be. I wouldn't think of arranging a nice basket of fruit and putting a tomato right in the middle of it. In fact, I think the tomato would feel very uncomfortable.

And now I'm going to tell how this article came to be written. I was invited by the Park Stake Relief Society board to represent the general board at a luncheon at the Lion House given in honor of the ward presidencies and secretaries of Relief Society in Park Stake.

THE long tables were decorated in vegetables, and so well had the hostesses, under the able direction of Sister Janet Kirton of the stake board, caught the beauty and interest, as well as the humor, which vegetables afford, that it was one of the most unusual table decorations I have ever seen. Right then I received permission to share this idea with other Relief Society members. Asked where they got the idea, they said they had heard of such a table and had seen some pictures, but as they worked it out, innumerable ideas came to them. I shall describe as many as possible and hope you will try at least some of them, for such a table certainly puts your guests in a jovial mood the minute they see it. No doubt you will think of other unusual combinations according to the particular vegetables you have at hand.

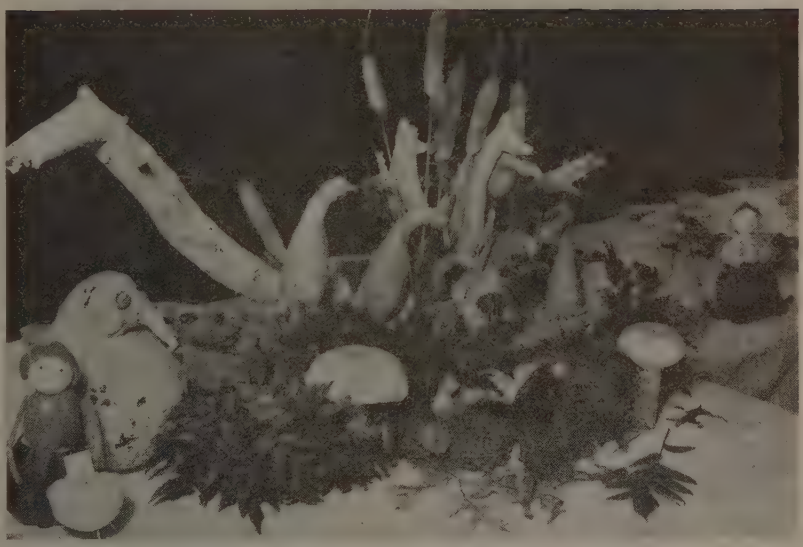
Simmons Photo Art Studio

THREE ONION-HEADED MEN IN A BANANA-SQUASH BOAT

Through the courtesy of Sister Ruby Karpowitz, President of Park Stake Relief Society, we are printing a picture of the decoration that centered the main table. For the background effect some unique branches dipped in harmonizing shades of bright paint in fall colors were used. (See article in the June *Relief Society Magazine* by A. J. Neff as to how to obtain and treat these odd-shaped pieces.) Cattails were added in the background and autumn leaves in the foreground of the arrangement. The place cards were small green tomatoes with a slit in the top to hold the card. The vegetables used, reading from left to right were as follows:

A washer-woman whose head was a small onion, eyes were cloves, nose and mouth bits of finger peppers. Her cap was half of a red pepper, arms of string beans, bodice a whole red pepper with an acorn squash as her skirt. The wash tub was a tiny summer squash supported on tooth picks and the washboard was a piece of cardboard.

That queer looking bird that comes next was a crooked-necked squash with fancy buttons for eyes. There were half



Simmons Photo Art Studio

A VEGETABLE FAMILY DECORATES THE TABLE

a dozen other smaller birds, whose eyes were made of corsage pins, and identical with the first one, all of which were made from the same crooked-necked squash which come in a deep orange color.

In front of the birds was a nest of heavy grasses holding their make-believe eggs. The toadstools were summer squash, their stems being cardboard covered with fancy paper. The boat in the picture was a good sized one made of half a banana squash. The rowers were made with carrot bodies, onion heads with clove eyes, and arms of beans. The oars were straws and the sails corn husks.

Another quaint woman's figure had an onion head, summer squash bodice, acorn squash skirt, string bean arms, and a parasol made of half of a small green tomato, supported by a piece of macaroni for the handle.

Other figures not shown in the picture were smaller boats made of scooped out cucumbers. In this case the rowers' bodies were made of radishes with tiny onions for heads, and string bean arms. A sweet potato made a realistic fish, and queer-shaped Irish potatoes represented covered wagons. A realistic wheelbarrow had been cut from a green pepper, with carrot slices for wheels. Then there was a somewhat grotesque head made from an eggplant with Swiss chard turban (held in place with toothpicks), onion eyes, red finger-pepper nose, and corn kernels for teeth, placed in the slit cut for the mouth.

I only hope that my readers will try out some of these ideas for their family gatherings on Thanksgiving day. The children will be especially pleased.

The Loving Friend of Children

(Continued from page 729)

take our baby any more, but often came in to caress her and play with her (*Ibid.*, page 67).

We are able to fix the approximate date of the above incidents by reading Joseph's history. There we learn that his infant son, Don Carlos, died at Nauvoo in August 1841.

I shall close this article with a brief statement by Bathsheba W. Smith, wife of George A. Smith, the Prophet's cousin, who was well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. Regarding him she states:

In Nauvoo, at his home, while playing with my baby boy, he said that children were the "honor, glory and royal diadem of woman!"

I Saw Paricutin

(Continued from page 741)

We wound our way through the hills built of ashes, over the saw-tooth lava ridges and then past the skeleton trees. As I slid and bobbed up and down, according to the terrain over which we passed, the grotesque, ghostlike figures with distorted bodies and twisted arms, assumed the mocking motions of my jolting and swaying body. Wearily I closed my eyes only to hear the weird incantations of their smothered young souls. Incredible! I called to Salvadore, "Are you there, Salvadore?"

In a calm voice and from a short distance, he answered, "Si, si, Senora, I am here." Closing my eyes again I now recognized the *muchacho's* low, minor tones.

We stumbled on, arriving at San Juan de las Colchas and our waiting pony owners. While I was being helped down, the little guide extended his hand and in the only English word he ever uttered, he said, "Teep?" He clenched the proffered "teep" in his tiny fist and fleetly ran to his father. Apparently the parent was pleased for he said "*bueno*" to the lad.

Wearily I entered the waiting car. The others followed. We settled down for the arduous return journey, but no one spoke. All of us were completely spent from having witnessed the Great Mother's magnificent travail. Thus I saw Paricutin—the earth's youngest and most obstreperous child.

Beauty in Brown

Josephine J. Harvey

There is warmth and loveliness that lies,
Within the depths of dark brown eyes.

My hands have touched velvet of soft cattails,
My feet have walked on brown earth trails;

I love Autumn for its bronze and gold
And all the beauty that my heart can hold.

Ancient Rites at a Modern Wedding

(Continued from page 737)

men came in and sat on the other. Under no circumstances do they sit together. Even the bride and groom sat on opposite sides. The church was quite plain, having no elaborate statues or paintings. The walls were sparkling white, with only a border of yellow and black design, in the village motif used on the costumes.

The ceremony began with a strange, but delightful religious chanting, after which the minister stood and called for the couple to stand before him. He gave a lovely sermon to them on the meaning and holiness of marriage. The actual ceremony was very simple, with the bride and groom answering only "With the help of God, I will," when the minister asked the question of love, honor, and obey. After that, the two went to their separate places again until the end of the service. Only after the service, and out in the street, did the two walk together in a procession to the home of the bride for feasting. We went back to the home of the groom's parents, where we feasted along with the rest. There was so much food that we just couldn't eat all they offered us.

These delightful country folk still eat in the same tradition of hundreds of years ago. The table was set with a series of large bowls in the center of the table. Each person had his own spoon and they all ate from the common bowl. It was new and very interesting to watch, because they were gracious and courteous about it all. Each took his spoonful as he wanted, and when the bowl became empty it was soon filled with more of the same until the next course. They sat at the table almost all afternoon, eating and feasting.

At about four in the afternoon a new ceremony took place at the home of the bride. The groom now took advantage of his rights, and asked the bride's parents if he might take her to his home to live with his family. The parents agreed and gave their blessing, but were very sad at the parting. The girl took leave of her parents and, with her, she took her dowry, which consisted of a whole wagon load of feather beds and pillows. The wedding guests all accompanied them "home." On the way, they were stopped by a villager who had stretched a chain across the road. Many villagers were gathered at this spot to watch the fun and join in the merriment. This man stopped the wedding party, told the couple of their folly, and tried to bargain with them for the pillows. He was finally defeated in his attempts to make them unhappy, and so was satisfied when they paid him a few crowns in tax to go on.

The couple entered the home of the groom, and the bride went immediately to his parents, and asked them if they would accept her into the family as one of their daughters. This was a very touching ceremony, and tears of joy were shed as she was welcomed and blessed by the head of the household. Thus being accepted, the feather beds were moved into the house by the maid-

ens in the group. The feasting continued until midnight at which time the bride discarded her maiden's headdress, and donned one of a matron. The wedding cake was brought in at this time. It was a colorful one with a hole in the middle. This was passed around and all present put money into the hollow cake, and each said something like this: "I bequeath you this money that you may remember to be a good and careful mother to your children." Others gave money for the cradle, others gave some to help buy a first animal for their flocks and so on.

The celebration and feasting lasted for three days and, all the while, the villagers helped with the cooking, with the chores in the fields, and with the cattle and flocks so that no time was lost by those celebrating. It was a real example of brotherhood, love, and cooperation. The whole world could gain a lesson by observing this good, simple, God-fearing people who love their neighbors as themselves.

A Letter from Mother

MY Dear Children:

How are you, darlings? Are you having a grand holiday? Oh, I would like to be with you! But my imagination will lead me there and I will enjoy the Thanksgiving feast, the "family-sing," and the lively little folks—in my heart's eye. I will be with you next year.

And this year I shall visit my dear brothers and sisters, and close the day, perhaps, by reading more in the Doctrine and Covenants. (I have acquired the habit of closing each day by reading a few verses from Church books.)

The other evening, I turned to the 58th section of the Doctrine and Covenants and happened upon the words: "For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant." I read on until I fairly squirmed—you know how I prefer listening from the back row.

After I turned out the lights, I thought of what I had read. I concluded that listening was all right in its place, but if the Lord expected us to act on our own initiative, seeking ways to help in his cause, I ought to see what I could do.

I decided to offer to do typing or other detail office work for the bishopric, which would free them for more important duties. I felt ashamed that I had not seen the need before. Anyway, it seems to me that anything we do to help in the Lord's work really helps us. So, darlings, why not read that section and see if it affects you similarly?

Suddenly it is quite late, and I must close. Dearest love to my grandchildren—and *grand* children.

Mother

CLARA HORNE PARK

(Note: Mrs. Park, who lives in Salt Lake City, is the daughter of Richard S. Horne and Elizabeth Price. She was reared in a home of culture where the spiritual values of religion and education were emphasized. At the age of twenty-two she married Lester Park and they became the parents of five children. For many years the family lived in New York City.—Ed.)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

ACTIVITIES IN THE MISSIONS, SOCIALS, AND HANDICRAFT

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, WHITE FISH RESERVATION, STONE LAKE (WISCONSIN) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAYING ONE OF THE SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL QUILTS THEY HAVE MADE

Front row, left to right: Daisy Berg; President Gertrude Sutter; Counselor Viola Goodwin.

Back row, left to right: Julia Rusk; Betty Bracklin; Josephine Grover; Bernadette Bracklin; Anna Johnson; Julia Ford; Nellie Mustache; Helen Rusk; Susan Martin; Mary Robinson.

President Gertrude Sutter and Sister Goodwin are the only members of the Church in this group. The women have, for the present, chosen an Indian name—Nod-ah-ma-gay (Helping Hand) for their group. The enrollment is fifteen and the average attendance is thirteen. The quilt shown here is one of several which these women have made. Their aim is to see that each family who is in need of a quilt is supplied with one. This project has been followed by a welfare garden and the women are busily engaged in canning a bounteous supply of vegetables for winter. This produce will be given to needy families. These sisters are enjoying the regular Relief Society lessons and are learning to sew, knit, and crochet.

Elna P. Haymond is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Francella C. Hale

SAMOAN MISSION, PESEGA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
Photograph taken on Mother's Day, May 8, 1949

The officers of this branch are seated on the second row, left to right: Losa, assistant organist; Penu, assistant secretary; Iva Fruen, secretary; Ane, First Counselor; Theresa Ah Ching, President; Taliga, second assistant; Laila Skipps, chorister; Kuka Tolupe, organist.

Francella C. Hale, President, Samoan Mission Relief Society, reports that the occasion of this meeting gave much pleasure to the large number of sisters assembled. The Primary children sang special songs for the program and the mothers gave short talks. Each mother was honored with a corsage. These sisters conduct regular meetings and make many beautiful handicraft articles for their homes.

Photograph submitted by Lula P. Child

WESTERN STATES MISSION, GALLUP (NEW MEXICO) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS WORK DAY MEETING

Front row, left to right: Gertrude Sullivan; Hazel Rogers; Secretary Amelia Lavender; First Counselor Virginia Lee; President Phyllis Chapman; Second Counselor Kenna Christensen; Edrie Haynie; Eva Ryan; Lola Allred; Madge Hope; Ernestine Lambson.

Second row, left to right: Delpha Bletcher; Louise Cunningham; Marilyn Cunningham; Helen Hamilton; Ruby Duncan; Patsy Sullivan; Inez Baumgardner; Elva Wright; Ruth Sherman; Fern Mason; Leola Porter; Dorothy Frost.

Sister Hazel Rogers was the honor mother, having her five daughters in attendance: Helen Hamilton, Patsy Sullivan, Gertrude Sullivan, Ruby Duncan, and Ginger Rogers.

The theme for this delightful occasion was "Reviving the Old Arts." One sister displayed a quilt made of 1500 pieces. There were a number of crocheted doilies and pillow cases. One sister brought a baby dress that her six children have been blessed in. Other articles were napkins from Ireland, linen tablecloths, a pair of bustles, a straw purse from the Hawaiian Islands, a purse from Australia, several pieces of fancywork, a baby dress worn sixty-five years ago.

Lula P. Child is president of the Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ada P. Jensen

ONEIDA STAKE (IDAHO), MINK CREEK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND TEACHERS WHO HAVE SONS SERVING IN THE MISSION FIELD

Left to right: Mildred B. Keller, work leader and visiting teacher, (son, Dallas Keller, South American Mission); Viola B. Larson, class leader and visiting teacher (son, Blaine Larson, Southern States Mission); Jemima K. Crane, stake board member and visiting teacher (son Keith K. Crane, Danish Mission); Lillian A. Nielson, Second Counselor (son, Mardel Nielson, Danish Mission); Marcella J. Christensen (son Kimber Christensen, Eastern States Mission); Ada P. Jensen, President (son, Vernon Jensen, Western States Mission); Rosetta N. Jensen, Secretary-Treasurer (son, Max N. Jensen, North Central States Mission); Serena H. Christensen, visiting teacher message leader (son, Jewel Christensen, Norwegian Mission).

Viola B. Larson and Jemima K. Crane are former presidents of Mink Creek Relief Society.

Ida E. Evans, President, Oneida Stake Relief Society, reports that of the nine missionaries serving from Mink Creek Ward, eight are sons of Relief Society Officers and teachers. Two of the women are widows and all of them live on farms. They are making many sacrifices to keep their sons in the mission field.

Photograph submitted by Geneva G. Garfield

FARR WEST STAKE (UTAH), PLAIN CITY WARD HONORS PAST PRESIDENTS AND RETIRING OFFICERS

Former ward presidents, left to right: Minnie Geddis (1907-11); Laura M. Jenkins (1920-28); Ismilda England (1928-36); Nellie W. Neal (February 1939 to September 1939), now a member of the general board of Relief Society; Lavina Telford (1939-1944); Cerilla Palmer (1944-48), deceased since picture was taken; Sarah Y. Knight, present president.

Geneva G. Garfield is president of Farr West Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Dorothy H. Koer

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AND BOARD ENTERTAINED AT THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT

Front row, left to right: Lydia Rawson; First Counselor Marie Kettenring; Ruth Larkin; Marie Sheranian; Hazel Vorkink.

Back row, left to right: Ethel Sessions; Nina Grant; Mabel Parry; President Dorothy H. Koer; Second Counselor Ellen Oliver.

Photograph submitted by Virginia D. Young

NEW ZEALAND MISSION, KORONGATA BRANCH DEMONSTRATES FRUIT CANNING AT HUI TAU (CONFERENCE)

At right, on front row, Elder Matthew Cowley, President of the Pacific Mission; in the second row are Sister Virginia D. Young, President, New Zealand Mission Relief Society and Sister Polly Duncan; Elder Lloyd, who assisted with the demonstration, stands in the second row.

Sister Young reports her appreciation of the capable and loyal sisters in this mission and their willing co-operation in all the objectives of the society: "This was something special that they had never seen done before and the people were enthusiastic about it. Many of the branches are doing considerable canning. This year, so far, they have used 82,000 tins. We are very happy about this as it far surpasses anything of this kind that has been accomplished before. In most places fruit is very hard to get, so that this amount of canning is a project of real worth. We also had a tent in which there was a display of many quilts and much beautiful handwork."

Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ANADARKO (OKLAHOMA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS IN NEWLY ORGANIZED BRANCH

Left to right: Martha Ellis, quilting chairman; Rose Hunt, *Magazine* agent, Martha W. Brown, President Central States Mission Relief Society. Sister Brown reports that the members of this society, organized for the Indian women, are active and sincere workers, vitally interested in charitable activities, and true to the motto of Relief Society—"Charity Never Faileth."

Photograph submitted by Alvaretta Rytting

SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH), TREMONTON FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY COMPLETES COURSE IN UPHOLSTERY WORK

Seated, left front: Ina York.

Standing, at left, left to right: Claudine Harris; Geraldine Webster; Wanda Giles; Irene Bunderson; Alvaretta Rytting, President; Mary Larsen.

Seated at right, left to right: Rowena Fridal; Emily York.

Standing at right, left to right: Mary Newton, work director; Florence Beard; Barbara Fridal; Fanny Fridal; Marian Iverson.

Sister Rytting reports that eighteen chairs of various sizes and kinds were covered under the helpful instruction of five of the women who had studied upholstery through the Utah State Agricultural College Extension service.

Rebecca C. Mortensen is president of South Bear River Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marie T. Moody

DESERET STAKE (UTAH) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED THIRTY YEARS OR MORE

Marie T. Moody, President, Deseret Stake Relief Society, reports the long and devoted service of the visiting teachers in her stake: "During the summer our stake Relief Society held a program in honor of all the women who had served twenty years or more as visiting teachers. The program was outstanding and well attended. So numerous were the women who had served twenty years or more, that, in order to secure a good picture, we photographed only those with thirty years or more of service to their credit. Some had served forty-five years and one sister had served fifty years. We appreciate the loyalty and faithfulness of these sisters who are devoted to all phases of Relief Society work."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 21—"On to Jerusalem"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 29, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, February 7, 1950

Objective: To show how steadfastly Jesus continued to minister unto people on his road to foreknown Calvary and the cross.

Jesus Again Foretells His Death and Resurrection

EACH of the three synoptic writers gives a fairly detailed description of the events during the last journey to Jerusalem. The apostles noticed how sad and deeply affected Jesus was and fell behind him in amazement. They seemed not to understand his plain affirmation that he would be delivered to the Gentiles who "shall scourge him, and put him to death: and the third day he shall rise again" (Luke 18:33). It was all inconsistent to them. They knew he was the Christ—the Lord Omnipotent—and could not realize he would be brought into subjection and slain. They particularly could not understand his prediction that in three days he would be resurrected.

The Question of Precedence Again

During this solemn and never-to-be-forgotten trip the human side of some of the twelve asserted itself. Jesus had diligently labored to teach them that service was the true measure of greatness, and yet two of them—James and John—the sons of Zebedee—made the request that they be given seats of eminence. This request was to be realized when Jesus came into possession of his kingdom. Matthew records that the request first came from their mother, who was probably the Savior's aunt. (See note 1, end of chapter 29 of the text.) Jesus gave them an impressive lesson and told them plainly that the granting of such a request was the prerogative of his Father (Mark 10:35-45). They needed, as we all do, to learn this lesson: "For even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20:28).

Sight Restored to the Blind Near Jericho

As Jesus was leaving Jericho to walk the last fifteen miles of his journey, a blind man asking for alms heard the tramp of the great multitude which was following, and was told "that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The blind beggar cried: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The title "Son of David" had peculiar significance. It was the salutation given to Joseph

by the angel at the time the birth of Jesus was announced to that good man. It meant of royal lineage (Matt. 1:20). It proves that the blind man knew of Jesus and had faith in him. Some tried to silence the man but he called the louder. Jesus directed that the man be brought to him. After a brief conversation the Lord said unto him: "Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee." Wondrous words of power and faith! The man was healed. With a heart full of gratitude he glorified God in prayers of thanksgiving (Luke 18:35-43).

Zaccheus, the Chief Among the Publicans

At Jericho another event occurred, which is worthy of note. The Roman government maintained at this city a staff of collectors of customs, commonly called "publicans." Chief of these was a Jew named Zaccheus. He had "grown rich" by collecting customs and was unpopular, as were all publicans. He had already been impressed by the teachings of the noted Galilean and had a great desire to see him. Zaccheus was a small man and could not ordinarily see over the heads of others. So when he knew that Jesus was coming, he ran ahead of the other people and climbed a tree by the side of the road that he might have a better view. When Jesus reached the place, he spoke to the man in the tree: "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house." However, the multitude criticized Jesus, saying that he "was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." Zaccheus did not deny the charge but, after he was converted, offered to make restitution if it was found that he owed any man. He vowed to give "half of his goods" to the poor and to restore fourfold anything he had taken wrongfully. Jesus accepted the man's repentance. Another wayward son had returned. The Lord had come to save sinners; to bring joy to the repentant soul (Luke 19:1-10).

Unto Every One That Hath Shall Be Given

As Jesus neared Jerusalem, he gave to his followers, who were expecting him to proclaim his royal authority, the Parable of the Pounds. (Read Luke 19:11-27.) The story portrayed a recent incident in Jewish history. (See note 3 at end of chapter 29 of the text.) The Lord used the incident as a basis on which to give the account of the three servants to whom had been entrusted the use of a varying number of pounds and how each had used the money.

It is quite apparent that Jesus was the nobleman, invested with the authority of kingship. He is to return and demand an accounting from his trusted servants. When he does return he will also punish the citizens who rebelled against him.

In the House of Simon the Leper

The Savior approached Jerusalem a few days before the killing of the lambs which were eaten at the time of the Passover. This was the great annual feast of the Jews. It commemorated the sparing of the Hebrews in Egypt when God smote the first-born of the Egyptians (Ex. 1:1-22). That year the festival

probably began on Thursday. Jesus reached Bethany near Jerusalem on the end of the Jewish Sabbath. Jesus knew that it was his last Sabbath on earth and he chose to spend it with those he loved. Out of reverence, the writers do not tell of the happenings of that day.

It was probably in the evening after the Sabbath had passed that a supper was given for Jesus and the twelve at the home of Simon the leper. Undoubtedly this man had been cured. Some writers assume that the house was the family home of Lazarus and Martha and Mary. Simon may have been their father, but of that there is no proof.

Martha evidently had charge of the supper and Mary and Lazarus were there. In fact, Lazarus had been marked for death by the chief priests because of the interest following his restoration to life. Mary had brought to the gathering a sealed flask containing a pound of costly spikenard ointment. It was very fragrant and is said to have had a value of about forty-five dollars. When Mary had used this precious ointment to anoint the head and feet of the Lord, Judas Iscariot, treasurer of the twelve, and others, protested against such extravagance. Judas was dishonest and hypocritical and asked why the ointment was not sold and the money given to the poor. By way of solemn instructions Jesus said:

For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel

A Perry Picture From a Painting by Plockhorst

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her (Matt. 26:11-13).

How true were these words!

Christ's Triumphal Entry Into Jerusalem

The next day after the eventful supper, Jesus told two of his disciples to go to a certain place and they would find an ass tied and with her a colt on which no man had ridden. The disciples found the animals as directed and when they had brought the colt, and spread their coats on his back, Jesus was lifted on to the young animal. The Master rode toward Jerusalem. When the group arrived the city was thronged, although it was four days before the great festival. The common people were interested in every movement of the Savior and there was great rejoicing when he appeared on the outskirts of the city. The people threw palm leaves and flowers before him and even spread their garments on the streets before him. Truly they were carpeting the way for a King. They shouted, among other glad calls: "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest" (Matt. 21:9). Amid all the rejoicing Jesus was sad. When he saw Jerusalem and the temple of the Lord, he wept and prophesied of the destruction of both. When he rode into the capital, the people were thrilled. The uninformed cried, "Who is this?" And the multitude shouted "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee" (Matt. 21:10-11).

The Pharisees and chief priests resented bitterly the honor being shown the Lord. "The purpose of Christ in thus yielding Himself for the day to the desires of the people and accepting their homage with kingly grace may not be fully comprehended by us of finite mind." The Roman officials seemed to treat it with indulgent unconcern. When Jesus dismounted and entered the temple enclosure the people continued to shout his praises. Truly, the Prince of Peace had entered the city and temple as befitted a king of Israel. His coming fulfilled prophecy (Zech. 9:9).

Certain Greeks Visit Christ

During practically all of the Savior's ministry he worked among the Jews. However, people of many nations came to Jerusalem at the time of the annual Passover. Some of these, though not of Jewish descent, had been converted to Judaism. Among these people were certain Greeks who desired to talk with Jesus. They did not think it proper to approach the Master directly, so went first to Philip, one of the apostles. Philip consulted with Andrew, and the two informed Jesus that the foreign visitors sought an interview with him. Jesus bore testimony to these men that the hour of his death was near. They were surprised at his words, and he explained that it was necessary for him to make this sacrifice. (See John 12:20-28.) Those who really love the Lord will give their lives, if necessary, for his sake. Let us at least live for him.

The Voice From Heaven

The sinful condition of the world and the terrible experiences through

which he was about to pass, weighed heavily upon the Lord's soul. In anguish he groaned: "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say?" A mighty soul arose to meet an issue of transcendent importance. He prayed: "Father, glorify thy name." To that prayer came an answer: "Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." (Read John 12:27-36 and John 14:27-31.) "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you" (John 14:27). ". . . And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isaiah 9:6).

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What peculiarly human request did two of the apostles make of Jesus during his last journey to Jerusalem? What great lesson can we learn from his answer to them?

2. Relate the event of the healing of the blind at Jericho. Show that the blind beggar really appreciated the blessing.

3. Tell of the circumstances leading to the conversion of Zaccheus. What is the evidence of true conversion?

4. Is repentance complete without restitution, where restitution is possible?

5. Why do you think Mary was justified in anointing Jesus with the costly spikenard?

References in the Four Gospels

Matt. 8:28; 16:21; 17:22, 23; 20:17-34; 21:1-11; 25:14-30; 26:6-13.

Mark 8:31; 9:31; 10:32-52; 11:1-11; 14:3-9.

Luke 7:36-50; 9:44; 10:40-42; 18:31-43; 19:1-44.

John 12:1-8, 20-36.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 5—"Is Not the Life More Than Meat, and the Body Than Raiment?" (Matt. 6:25)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, February 7, 1950

Objective: To emphasize that there is a larger life than that of the body, namely that of the spirit.

WHEN, in the course of the Sermon on the Mount, Christ presented the question "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" (Matt 6:25) to his listeners, he was, undoubtedly, not objecting to man's striving for the requirements necessary to physical well-being. The decree to Adam that "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" has come down through the ages. It was valid in the time of our Savior; it holds good today. A cardinal principle of the present Church Welfare Plan confirms the dignity of work and points out that individuals, insofar as possible, should labor for their own

sustenance. For, as the proverb says: "in all labor there is profit" (Prov. 14:23).

When Christ asked "Is not the life more than meat?" he was pointing out that, while it is necessary to provide for our daily needs, we must not stop there, but go on from the life of the body to the larger life of the spirit. How many people do you know who are content to spend their time "getting and spending," as the poet Wordsworth termed it, with little thought for those larger values of life which are so much more important than mere living from day to day?

When he declared the body more than raiment, Christ was warning against the identification of self with material things. How easy it is to feel superior because we have acquired worldly wealth. When we don fine wearing apparel, we move with greater confidence and ease among our friends. As we speed down the street in a new car is our egotism heightened to note the admiring glances of our neighbors? When one builds a large home and furnishes it beautifully, is this, partly at least, to impress those who view it? Yet, in the final analysis, how unimportant these material things are. For, as we well understand, when we leave this life, we can take with us only the sum total of the good we have accomplished and the knowledge we have acquired.

And so it is right and proper that Jesus should tell us to put greater emphasis on spiritual, rather than on material values. "Seek ye first," he says, "the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these [physical things] shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

Work Meeting—Sewing

Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 5—Girls' Clothing

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, February 14, 1950

IT'S fun to make clothes for girls. There are so many lovely materials and clever styles from which to choose. Here's a place where you can exercise your hidden talents and ambitions as a designer by using originality and individuality. Here, too, is much opportunity for fine handwork and dainty trimmings.

In the opening lesson we talked of choosing becoming and appropriate styles and materials. This, of course, is most important. For small tots it is also vital that clothes be launderable. There are so many attractive and dressy materials available from which to make little party dresses that can be freshened as often as need be by washing, that it seems unwise to make clothes that

can't be laundered for children. Dainty dotted Swiss, organdie, or the fine silky cottons in pastel shades can be made into dainty frocks that are as lovely as any taffetas or other silks and have the advantage of being tubbable. Thus they can be worn oftener and with less worry and expense for upkeep.

While children's clothes should be made roomy enough to allow free movement, they should fit properly when new. If too much room is allowed for growth, they may be old and shabby before the child grows into them. When making girls' dresses, have them fit well when made, allowing a generous hem to be let down as the child grows taller. A wide hem looks well and gives body to the skirt and is one place where a dress can be readily adjusted for size.

Make dresses well and finish them neatly. This may require more time at the beginning, but anything which keeps them out of the mending basket is economy of both time and clothes. In places where the greatest stress will come in wearing, reinforce them with a double stitching. This includes waistlines, around the armholes, and the bottom of plackets.

It is always a good plan to provide a pocket, if the design allows, for conveniently carrying a handkerchief. Have pockets located at a good level so that the hands can rest in them without dragging them down. Reinforce the corners of the pockets with a tape sewed on the back of the dress and have a double stitching at the top edges.

Little girls' dresses are generally more becoming if they conform to body lines. Allowances must be made in the design for unusual fullness. Many times a little girl's dress "hikes" up in front because allowance has not been made in cutting for a chubby figure.

A simple color scheme and plan of decoration are desirable. Prints may require little or no trim. Plain colors can use trim, but remember that a dress in good design should lead attention to the child and not to itself.

There are many little details of workmanship that, while not fussy, add materially to the general appearance of dresses. Instead of a plain seam at the waistline insert a narrow covered cord between the waist and skirt. Try cording the edge of a yoke or the top of a cuff. Trim the neckline and bottoms of sleeves with tiny well-made scallops. Accent collars and cuffs with rows of stitching or a very narrow binding.

If you are having a collar, don't let it be too bulky. Large collars are usually unbecoming to tiny tots.

Star Music

Grace Sayre

Sunset flung upon the sky, a measure
Where all the latter notes of day were placed
Upon a staff across the west—their music
In golden chords—waiting the vesper song
Of evening's star-filled theme—serenely spaced.

Literature—The Literature of England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Lesson 5—Sir Francis Bacon

For Tuesday, February 21, 1950

AS we have already pointed out in our discussions of Shakespeare and the King James Bible, the age of Elizabeth has never been surpassed, neither in the fresh vigor which it stamped upon every phase of English life, nor in the correspondingly rich literature which inevitably the Elizabethans wrote to record the lavish flowering of the spirit which was theirs. After having been enslaved throughout Europe during the dark centuries of supervised ignorance and the smothering dogmas of church and state, men's wills and emotions and intellects suddenly awakened and arose as one. Magnificently, these pent-up powers defied the traditional absolutes of politics and religion to continue to break their spirits which, for ages, had been withered, crooked, and starved. Magnificently, these sons of the Renaissance, or reawakening, gave to their fellows throughout all time the great vision of men exercising wills that are free, emotions that are pure and honest, and intellects determined to give man dominion over the natural world which he had always misunderstood and hence always feared. And of those who dreamed most nobly of man's raising himself to his destined realm of light by reaching down and lifting himself by his own intellectual bootstraps, let the name of Francis Bacon be first.

Son of the lord keeper of the great seal of Queen Elizabeth, Bacon was reared amid court influences. After studying at Cambridge, he first served his government at age fifteen in the English embassy in France. Upon completing three years service he returned home intensely ambitious for political advancement. Unable to impress Queen Elizabeth favorably, he studied law at Gray's Inn and soon thereafter became a member of Parliament and advisor to the Queen. When James I became King, Bacon was knighted. Almost at once it became apparent that the new monarch, weak-willed and amateur scholar that he was, found in Bacon's flattery and intellectual genius much to be rewarded. Bacon was elevated to Attorney-General, and finally became Chancellor of England; he was also made Baron Verulam and Viscount of St. Albans. Yet, despite this whirlwind rise to political and social eminence, he felt that his true career had scarcely begun. And so it had, for always he regarded his political achievements merely as useful tools to assist him in realizing his heart's desire: the writing and publication of a systematic definition and arrangement of all human knowledge and truth. This was a project unrivalled in its ambition and magnitude by any man since Aristotle (384-322 B.C.).

In 1586, at the age of twenty-five,

Bacon first defined this great idea and dedicated his life to its achievement. Ten years later he pointed out to his kinsman, Lord Burleigh, that his civil goals were but moderate when compared to his contemplative goals, since in the realm of the intellect he had "taken all knowledge" to be his province. Seven years later, in 1603, he wrote that he had found himself "fitted for nothing so well as for the study of Truth."

It was Bacon's resulting philosophical writings which, in Macaulay's phrase, "moved the intellects which moved the world." All his important philosophical works were but segments of his *Magna Instauratio*, or great renewal of scientific and intellectual knowledge. It was in these writings, particularly his *Advancement of Learning* and *Novum Organum*, or new principles, that Bacon "announced that Europe had come of age." Here, for the first time, in the works of this first great English philosopher, we have expressed the tone and principles of the same modern science which has done so much to conquer the natural world in which we live. Here, not because of any scientific techniques or discoveries, but because of his revolutionary ideas as to what science should be and how it should be used, we read the words which made Bacon the father of modern science.

Most of all Bacon believed in human reason. Disregarding tradition, he hoped to shatter the influence of the past and to aid man in conquering the realm of nature by using his own intellect. Significant is one of his favorite sayings, "Knowledge is power." A new and vital part of his credo was that knowledge should not be sought merely to entertain the speculative medieval scholar; instead scientists should seek out the secrets of nature in order that new discoveries might be used at once to control and overpower nature.

> Let us learn the laws of nature, and we shall be her masters, as we are now, in ignorance, her thralls; science is the road to Utopia.
>
> (*Advancement of Learning*, iv, 2)

But before science could be trusted so completely, Bacon had to redefine the methods science should use in the search for truth. In place of the deductive logic of Aristotle, which had entirely dominated the scholarship of the Middle Ages, Bacon preached fervently that the method of science must be inductive. Instead of reasoning from one or two facts or premises to prove a third unknown, Bacon, as does the modern scientist, believed that one can arrive at a general truth only after a mass of general fact has been assembled and most carefully examined.

With the method of science thus defined, Bacon was ready to point out another reason why the sciences had made but little progress.

> It is not possible to run a course aright when the goal itself has not been rightly placed. Now the true and lawful goal of the sciences is none other than this: that human life be endowed with new discoveries and powers.
>
> (*Novum Organum*, I, lxxxi)

The supreme conviction of Bacon's life was that by using reason

and the scientific method, man is best capable of subduing the world about him.

> Men are not animals erect, but immortal gods. The Creator has given us souls equal to all the world, and yet satiable not even with a world. . . . Everything is possible to man. Time is young; give us some little centuries, and we shall control and remake all things.

Bacon hoped first to "seat the sciences each in its proper place" (*Advancement of Learning*, iv, 2), next to develop the inductive scientific method for defining the forces of nature, and finally to evaluate all nature by using such a procedure. In the prophetic *New Atlantis*, a fictional treatment of his Utopia which was left unfinished at his death, Bacon presented his ideal method for achieving his goals: he visualized a society of learned scholars called Solomon's House, or the College of the Six Days' Work, who each twelve years were to be sent throughout the world by their wise king to "maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels . . . but only for God's first creature, which was light: to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world." (See Text, pp. 562-3, line 40 ff.)

That he spoke for the intellectual leaders of England was proved in 1662 when, thirty-five years after the *New Atlantis* was published, the Royal Society was founded. This was a group of the best scientists united in the common cause of searching out the truths of natural history in precisely the same manner as Bacon's scholars in Solomon's House would have done. Surely there could be no greater tribute to the intellectual zeal and scientific pioneering which then, as now, characterized Bacon before the world.

It is unfortunately true that some of our great men understood wisdom with their heads but not with their hearts and wills. Of this truth Sir Francis Bacon is the traditional example. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matthew 26:52). Although Bacon professed membership in the Church of England, was interested in church reform, and wrote several beautiful prayers for his own use, primarily he loved the intellect alone. Bacon served learning and the learned; but his accusation of his friend Essex in order to obtain favor with Queen Elizabeth; his confession of having accepted bribes when in high office without the ability to express remorse or sense of guilt for the tragedy of his sin; his self-righteousness; and his continued ability to sacrifice personal connections and, in part, his own integrity whenever he felt such action would please the sovereign and his own ambition—all seem to give evidence that he failed to honor the emotional and spiritual aspects of himself and his fellow men, a failure which finally betrayed Bacon himself.

In 1621, after confessing his guilt in accepting bribes, Bacon was deprived of the Great Seal, fined forty thousand pounds, relieved of all public office, and sentenced to the Tower of London, from which he was released by the King after four days. During the last five years of his life he lived in retirement, writing the major portion of his enduring contributions to science and

philosophy. More than any other man, he opened the door to our modern scientific world; his *Essays* will always represent English prose at its best. Yet, we might agree that Alexander Pope was neither entirely right nor entirely wrong when he described Sir Francis Bacon as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Bacon's Essays

We are entirely just in considering Bacon's *Essays* after having discussed his philosophical writings, for to Bacon his *Essays* were always secondary. All his serious works except *The Advancement of Learning* Bacon composed in Latin, since he wanted to ensure their permanence by writing in the international language of scholarship. *The Advancement of Learning*, one of the most profound praises of learning ever written in English, he later translated into Latin that it, too, might endure. While for twenty-eight years he constantly polished and enlarged the original volume of ten essays until, in the final edition of 1625, there appeared a total of fifty-nine, significantly they were always published in English rather than Latin.

For Bacon his *Essays* were but interesting trifles, the final result of innumerable notes he made of the social and political world about him. Thus he amused himself as he relaxed from his more demanding duties. Once having caught an idea on paper, he found genuine reward in restating sentences and phrases until his words caught precisely the meaning he intended they should. With minute care he worked over his intellectual resources, never discarding the good, never permitting the hazy, lazy words to stand. As a result his *Essays* are famous for their brilliance; rarely has prose said so much in so little space. Here is the condensed intellect of a genius skilled at seeing things as they are. Henry David Thoreau has defined good writing as "conversation folded many times thick;" ideally these *Essays* exemplify his definition. In addition to Bacon's conciseness of statement and his brilliant use of poetic imagery to illustrate his point, his style is consistently logical and reasoned and objective; these are *formal* essays indeed. Still we cannot forget Ben Johnson's description of Bacon as an orator:

> No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly (forcefully), or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke . . . the fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end.

His *Essays* contain the same compelling power which Johnson felt in Bacon's spoken words.

If, in reading Bacon's *Essays*, we might find him somewhat hard and cold and grasping, we must remember that he wrote only for the young aristocrat, pointing out certain universal truths which the young leader of tomorrow must know if he is to succeed. He is not concerned at all with describing the world as it should be, but as it is. Hence, we can understand why these essays have been taught in English schoolrooms almost as widely as Shakespeare. Herein is penetrating wis-

dom and, for the man who most of all desires to get on in the world, undeniable common sense. The truths which they tell about things as they are, often wittily expressed in a condensed, near-staccato style, blend together in these essays to become reading which will be fresh and rewarding as long as men are human.

As we read from *Novum Organum* (Text, pp. 560-561) of the four idols which beset the human mind, we realize that Bacon knows people and their foolish weaknesses. The following epigram, taken from "Of Sedition and Troubles" (not in our text) also reveals his wit and wisdom, and knowledge of things as they are:

Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread.

The twelve essays in our text abound in such memorable lines. Some of the best known are:

Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue. ("Of Adversity")

Choose the best; habit will make it pleasant and easy. ("Of Parents and Children")

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. ("Of Marriage and Single Life")

It is a strange desire, to seek power and to love liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. ("Of Great Place")

Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. ("Of Great Place")

For good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act. ("Of Great Place")

After a time, set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly, whether thou didst not best at first. ("Of Great Place")

And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs. ("Of Wisdom for a Man's Self")

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. ("Of Study")

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. ("Of Studies")

Once our minds arise from their leisurely, everyday meanderings to meet these *Essays* on their own high level, once we give ourselves to them with no restraint and no distraction, we find in them a compelling intensity which ever leads us on. Further, here is that undefinable, undeniable lofty tone which is the autograph of great literature.

NOTE TO TEACHERS: While you will want to share the above lines with your group, you should also read thoroughly with them one or two of the essays which appeal most to you. If you haven't time to read them all, "Of Truth," "Of Studies," "Of Great Place," and "Of Adversity," might, in this order, prove most rewarding. However, you cannot go wrong if you discuss in detail that essay which is most nearly yours.

Questions

1. What was the great idea in Bacon's life?
2. Inasmuch as he was in practice and

technique not an important scientist, how does Bacon deserve to be called the father of modern science?

3. Relate Solomon's House to the Royal Society.
4. How can we apply to Bacon the saying, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword?"
5. Why were Bacon's philosophical works written in Latin?
6. Why were the *Essays* never written or translated into Latin?
7. To what small audience were the *Essays* addressed?
8. Are the *Essays* formal or informal? How can you decide this from reading them?
9. Aside from their stylistic excellence, why are the *Essays* great literature?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 4—Public Administration and Good Government—(D. & C. 134:3, 4)

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, February 28, 1950

Objective: To point out the need for electing government officials who will uphold freedom.

Public Administration

IT is important to have a good government, that is, one which conforms, as far as possible, to the fundamental principles previously discussed. Then, government becomes a fit instrument in securing "the good and safety of society." However, day by day, governments are administering thousands of details affecting the lives of millions of people. The enforcement of the law, the administration of governmental policy, is generally called "public administration." The problems of public administration are among the most important of any modern society. The problem of regulating traffic, of inspecting and maintaining milk at a pure standard, the administration of schools, the building of highways, the protection of life and property—these are only a few of the many tasks undertaken by public administration.

Government Personnel

There are many fundamental problems in public administration apart from the organization of government itself. These problems concern largely the matter of personnel. Officers must be recruited. Once in office they have the great responsibility of deciding what the law means, when to enforce it, and upon whom to enforce it. Verse three affords an insight into the basic principles which should govern these important problems:

We believe that all governments necessarily require civil officers and magistrates to enforce the laws of the same; and that such as will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld by the voice of the people if a republic, or the will of the sovereign.

This recognizes the necessity and the importance of civil officers and magistrates. During World War II, the United States Government, alone, employed over 3,000,000 civil

servants, that is, civil officers exclusive of elected, military, naval, legislative, or judicial officers. This does not include the forty-eight states, nor their counties and cities. What should be the method of their administration? The controlling principle is that "such as will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld."

Meaning of "Equity and Justice"

What is equity? What is justice? These are often difficult questions in our time. It would be profitable to discuss in every class the question as to what is justice for the working man, for the business leaders, for the members of a minority religious sect, for the members of a dominant religious sect, for alien races, for the various types of people who occupy a place in our civil society. The answers to these questions have obsessed mankind for generations. Is it possible to cut through this mass of speculation and arrive at some foundation principles as guides to equity and justice? The Declaration would suggest that equity and justice would begin with a system of administration which would recognize the fundamental conditions of peace previously discussed.

The free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life, at least, are fundamental.

Qualifications for Public Officers

Who should be selected for public officers? The suggestion made in verse three is that those who will administer the law in equity and justice should be sought for and upheld by the voice of the people, if a republic, or the will of a sovereign. It would be very difficult, of course, for the people of the United States, for example, to elect the three million civil servants who served the United States Government from 1942-1945. Then, in addition, to elect the additional millions who work for the forty-eight states, the three thousand and fifty-odd counties, the hundred and thirty-two thousand cities and towns, and the other units of government which constitute the American governmental system!

However, it is possible to seek and uphold persons who "will administer the law in equity and justice" by means of the civil service examinations and other devices used in American and other governments. Popular election, of course, is desirable for all elected representatives and those who serve in top executive positions. In other circumstances, and in filling the lesser positions, regulations must, of course, be followed. But back of all law, including civil service law, is public opinion. If the public is apathetic, it is impossible to secure officers who will administer the law in equity and justice.

How well informed is your class on the method of safeguarding the purity of the water supply, the milk supply, the meat supply, in your community? What officers are administering these laws? Is it being done with equity and justice? Do you know their names? Are they qualified to do their work? When they are performing their work well,

do you give them the support—the necessary support—which they require and merit? Unless these things are done, we cannot expect to reach the ideal set for us in verse three.

Being Informed on Public Administration

Public administration involves the ethics (the basic principles of right action) of political life. Not only are the ethics and manner of public administration involved, but also the great fundamental question of individual rights and the modern issue of socialism. The socialists believe in the government owning all means of production. In other words, in a socialist government, public administration does everything. There is a minimum of private administration except, perhaps, in the combing of one's hair, washing one's face, or performing details of personal life. The very fact that we speak of "public administration" today means that many things hitherto left to private hands are coming under public control. How far this process should go and at what rate is the great domestic question of our day. The beliefs held by the people, the public spirit of the people, as expressed by them actively, these things help determine the nature of society. (Remember the fundamental "conditions of peace" discussed in Lesson 3.)

The Relationship Between the State and Freedom of the Soul

Verse 4, of section 134, is a classic statement to guide the relationship between the State, its public administration, and the necessary freedom of men. It reads:

We believe that religion is instituted of God; and that men are amenable to him, and to him only, for the exercise of it, unless their religious opinions prompt them to infringe upon the rights and liberties of others; but we do not believe that human law has a right to interfere in prescribing rules of worship to bind the consciences of men, nor dictate forms for public or private devotion; that the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control conscience; should punish guilt, but never suppress the freedom of the soul.

Some declare that this verse involves a definition of the relationship between Church and State. This is true. The problem of Church and State, as it appears in political science, is a historical expression of the same problems that we meet today in relationship between government and economic life, private industry, labor unions, churches, and free associations of various sorts.

Verse four indicates that although religion and public administration are separate, the problem of mankind is a whole problem. Religion is instituted of God. Individuals are responsible to God and him only for the exercise of their religious conscience. The State must stay out of this field. There can be no equivocation on this point. Religious liberty is an absolute value which the State must respect. Ethics are meaningless unless they are referred to this value. Without this reference, ethics become the

mere opinions of men, Americans or others, with resort to force as the threatening reference point. When the State intervenes in the economic order, this value must be recognized. If the conscience, the religious conscience, of man, is free, then there will always be room for the eventual right of control of property and the protection of life. If human law is prevented from prescribing rules of worship to bind the consciences of man, "nor dictate forms for public or private devotion" then there is a sphere of freedom in which men may live their lives.

Need for People to Support Freedom

Constitutions are the great preventive influence, but constitutions are valueless without support from the people and the political powers that be. True, the civil magistrate should restrain crime "but never control conscience"; should punish guilt but never suppress the freedom of the soul. This requires popular support. If there is freedom of religious conscience and freedom of the soul, there will probably be freedom for two or more political parties. If there is freedom for two or more political parties, there is freedom in the choice of public officers to enforce the law. If there is freedom to choose these officers, there is also freedom for the people to exercise their right and seek for men in public life who will administer the law in equity and justice. Without this freedom, there will be no essential freedom—and no peace.

Belief in God Necessary for Good Government

In conclusion, it can be stated, that if you destroy belief in God, you destroy belief in the necessity of religious liberty. Decline in belief in God is one of the great forces aiding and abetting Communism. Religious and political liberty without belief in God soon become meaningless, because they depend upon mere human toleration, man looking to man. Unless man looks to man as a child of God and then looks beyond and outside of himself for something greater, he may become a menace, a materialistic menace to society. Human toleration without belief in God is subject to political pleasure, as witness the dictatorships. In short, if you destroy God you destroy the possibility of political ethics having any vitality in government. In its stead, force, and force alone, remains. Force is the tool of the devil. Of such, the Declaration warns, and men should beware.

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: Have someone look up and report the number of offices becoming vacant which will appear on your local ballot at the next general election, describing briefly, the functions of each office.

1. Although all people have the right to their own opinions in such matters, who is it that actually (in the bulk of cases) *decides* what the law means, when to enforce it, and whom to enforce it upon?

2. Have someone look up "equity" in a standard dictionary. Having done this, ask the class to discuss the meaning of "equity" as contained in section 134, verse 3.

3. What is justice? Discuss the principle as suggested in the lesson.

4. How do you suppose the ordinary man's view of justice is formed? Compare this with the concept of the class as to how God, our Father, probably determines and applies justice.

5. What is the relation between public opinion and the administration of "justice?"

6. Why is belief in God essential to good government?

7. When the butcher sells you a roast and leans a heavy thumb on the scale or includes a large piece of bone at 97c a pound, is he visualizing you as a "child of God" or Mrs. John Customer "from down the street?"

8. Again, is belief in God essential to good government, to justice and equity?

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 11—The Counselors to President Heber J. Grant

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, February 28, 1950

The Presidency a Unit—The Three Are One

WHEN Heber J. Grant was appointed as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1918, he retained the same counselors who had served President Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, a man of great character and forceful personality, then in his seventy-fifth year of life, became first counselor. President Grant also appointed him to the responsible position of president of the Salt Lake Temple. He also, by virtue of seniority, became president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. President Lund vigorously fulfilled his three-fold assignment—counselor in the First Presidency, temple president, and senior apostle. These duties he discharged with honor until his death on March 2, 1921, when the Church mourned the passing of a great man and a devoted servant of the Lord.

Charles William Penrose

The second counselor of President Grant was Charles William Penrose, who was then eighty-six years of age. He was in excellent health and highly respected by both the members of the Church and his numerous acquaintances outside the Church. The years preceding his selection by President Grant had been years of preparation and service for his high calling. President

CHARLES W. PENROSE

Penrose was born in Camberwell, London, England, on February 4, 1832. At a very early age he manifested three unusual traits. First, he was a lover of books, showing a desire to acquire knowledge. Second, he learned to read at an age when most children are concerned entirely with eating and playing. When only four years of age he read the entire Bible. Third, he possessed an unusual memory, being capable of retaining information that he acquired in a very remarkable fashion.

During his youth, President Penrose studied the scriptures diligently and, as a result of this study, became dissatisfied with the existing sects of Christendom, being unable to find in them either the religion or the church organization that he read of in the Bible. When he was eighteen years of age he came in contact with the restored gospel and, finding it in agreement with the Bible, was baptized a member of the Church on May 14, 1850. The following January, a month before he was nineteen years of age, he was called on a mission to labor within the British Isles. He had no financial backing, but the Lord provided him with friends and for ten years he labored in Great Britain. The first seven years he was assigned to agricultural areas, and then became president of the London district and held other administrative posts in the British Mission.

He was a wonderful preacher, being gifted with a powerful, yet pleasing voice, and a fluency of words that enabled him to convince people of his sincerity as well as his ideas. His use of English was unique. He seldom resorted to the use of long or little-used words, but confined himself to the simplest of words in order that the uneducated could grasp the meaning of his message. Yet there is a grandeur of thought in his style that manifests the soul of a poet. While engaged as a missionary, President Penrose contributed many articles to the *Millenial Star* dealing with theological and religious problems. He also wrote poems for its pages. As the years passed, he longed to gather with the saints in Zion, but year after year his release failed to come. It was then that he wrote "O Ye Mountains High." In this song he expressed his longing to be with the body of the Church and be able to serve both the living and the dead. On another occasion when he had been slandered and false accusations had been made against him, he wrote "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother." It was a warning to himself that the Christian thing to do

was not to retaliate but to bear the persecution and abuse as Christ would have done.

He was finally released in 1861, and emigrated to Utah, settling first at Farmington, where he had to turn from the literary and cultural pursuits that had characterized his life up to this time, and adjust to the hardships of farming and manual labor. This he willingly did and also taught school for three years. In 1864, he settled in Cache Valley, but the following year he was called again to go on a mission to England, where he served until 1868. His greatest gifts were in the field of mental activities rather than in pioneering, and, in 1870, he moved to Ogden, Utah, where he engaged in newspaper work and represented Weber County in the Territorial Legislature and also in constitutional conventions that were seeking to acquire statehood for the Territory of Utah.

In 1877, Brigham Young persuaded him to come to Salt Lake City and join the staff of *The Deseret News*. Very soon his gifted pen was improving the quality of that paper and making its editorials sparkle with thought-provoking comments. In 1880, he was made editor-in-chief of *The Deseret News*, a position he held for the ensuing twelve years. During this time he was often in Washington, D. C., where he worked to secure statehood for Utah and also worked for the interests of the Church.

Charles W. Penrose later accepted employment as editor-in-chief of the *Salt Lake Herald*, and for four years devoted his talents to promoting this paper. President Wilford Woodruff appointed him to the position of assistant Church historian. He then devoted his energies to the work of this office and, in addition, wrote articles for the Church periodicals and for use in the mission fields of the Church. Most noteworthy of his efforts in this respect was the writing of a series of twelve tracts known as "Rays of Living Light." These tracts have been translated into many languages and distributed widely. Millions of them have been used and, so effective are they, that even after more than half a century they are still used by our missionaries. For several years, commencing again in 1899, Elder Penrose was editor-in-chief of *The Deseret News* and wrote ably and forcefully about world and Church problems.

During these years of literary activity, he had not neglected the gospel cause that had brought him to the valleys of the mountains. He served as a local missionary, taught in Sunday Schools and, in 1884, was chosen as a counselor in the Salt Lake Stake presidency. In June of 1904, President Joseph F. Smith selected him as a member of the Church Board of Education and the following month he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the Council of the Twelve.

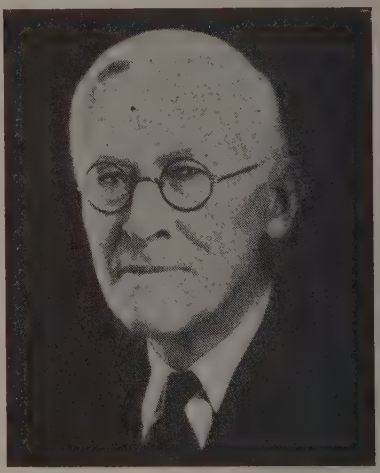
From December 1906 until June 1910, Charles W. Penrose served as president of the European Mission, with headquarters in Liverpool, England. He supervised the missionary work both in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe. During this time more than 25,000,000 tracts were distributed and 8,441 baptisms performed.

When President John Henry Smith died in 1911, Elder Penrose was selected to fill the vacancy in the First Presidency. He was set apart to this office on December 7, 1911, and although he was just two months less than eighty years of age, he had a powerful and vigorous personality. Immediately he threw himself with characteristic energy into the work of the Presidency and became an able assistant to President Smith. He traveled widely in the interests of the Church, visiting the wards and stakes, and took an active part in acquiring possession for the Church of some of the landmarks of early Church history. He was ably assisting President Smith at the time of the latter's death in 1918.

President Grant retained him as second counselor and, upon the death of President Anthon H. Lund in March 1921, Brother Penrose, now past eighty-nine, was sustained as first counselor. The unusual energy of this man, strengthened by the Holy Spirit, enabled him to aid President Grant with advice, as a result of his mature years and long experience, and also by actively participating in the Church's ever-growing work.

Anthony Woodward Ivins

The elevation of President Penrose to the rank of first counselor left a vacancy in the First Presidency. To this position Anthony Woodward Ivins was appointed on March 10, 1921. President Ivins was born on Tom's River, New Jersey, on September 16, 1852. His mother was a sister of the mother of President Grant, and his father



ANTHONY W. IVINS

was her cousin. They emigrated to Utah in 1853. In 1861 the parents of Brother Ivins were called to settle in Washington County and it was there that President Ivins grew to manhood and acquired his education. As a young man, Anthony W. Ivins determined that he would avoid evil company and seek the companionship of boys and men who could help him gain and retain a testimony of the gospel. To his dying day he testified that this had been one of the greatest factors in his life as it had enabled him to learn good habits of living, ideals, moral standards, and habits of industry and integrity. As a consequence, he studied the principles of the gospel and read everything that came into his possession that was noble or uplifting. The formal schooling of Brother Ivins was very meager, as was the case with most boys of pioneer days. However, he read widely and before he had

reached the age of thirty, had acquired a good education. During his sojourn in St. George, he held the following positions: constable, city councilor, city attorney, and later, county attorney, mayor, deputy sheriff, county assessor and collector, State representative, delegate to the State constitutional convention, and Federal Indian agent. In spite of his lack of classroom education, this self-made lawyer met some of the best school-trained lawyers from the larger cities in court; and the judicial history of the southern part of Utah tells us he never lost a case he defended or prosecuted.

In addition to fulfilling these positions of trust and public service for his pioneer community, President Ivins engaged in the cattle and sheep business and at one time was one of the largest livestock operators in Southern Utah, Northern Arizona, and Eastern Nevada.

But in spite of these multitudinous duties, he never forgot the Church. He held positions in ward and stake Sunday Schools and the Y.M.M.I.A., served as a missionary among the Navajo Indians of Arizona, was a member of the St. George Stake high council and, in 1888, became first counselor in the presidency of that stake. The Church Authorities had called people to settle in the Mexican State of Chihuahua and, as these Latter-day Saint settlements grew, it was decided to organize a stake of Zion for their benefit. In December 1895, Anthony W. Ivins was called to go to Mexico and assume this responsibility. Selling out all of his holdings in land and livestock, he moved to Mexico with his family. To the

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present day, residents of St. George and Juarez Stakes express deep love for President Ivins.

He returned to make his home in Salt Lake City on being called, on October 6, 1907, to a vacancy in the Council of the Twelve Apostles. Subsequently, he was given the responsibility of being the general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. of the entire Church. It was under his direction that the Boy Scout program was adopted by the Church. He also, during this time, did much for the welfare of the western Indians. It was due to his efforts, while acting as Indian agent, that a reservation had been secured for Indians of Southern Utah and they never ceased to be grateful to him. He was adopted into several of their tribes and spoke their language with them. Frequently Indian delegations came to him for assistance in seeking redress of wrongs, and he became their mouthpiece to their appeals to the Federal Government. The Indians complimented him with the statement that "Tony no speak with two tongues." He had their absolute confidence as few white men have ever had. (When Brother Ivins died, in 1934, the Indians held an all-night mourning ceremonial dance.) President Ivins during these years was appointed to the Board of Trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College, a position that he held for many years.

The elevation of President Penrose to the office of first counselor in March 1921, created a vacancy in the First Presidency and to this position Brother Ivins was appointed on March 10, 1921. To the Presidency he brought a wealth of ex-

perience, an understanding heart, and a brilliant mind. He assumed many of the duties of the First Presidency in regard to its financial problems and the educational functions of the Church. President Penrose died May 16, 1925, being ninety-three years of age, and President Ivins succeeded him as first counselor on May 28th.

Topics for Discussion and Study

1. What can we learn about President Penrose from his song "O Ye Mountains High?"
2. What can we learn about President Penrose from his song "School Thy Feelings?"
3. How was it possible for a boy, reared in a pioneering community, to acquire education that enabled President Ivins to mingle with the most highly cultured people in the country?
4. What do you feel was the reason for the love the Indians had for President Ivins?

References

Jenson, *L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia* Vol. 1, pages 256-261, 311. Vol. III pages 750-752, 769-771.

Improvement Era 14:406-408; 25:354-358; 34:637-640, 672, 681; 37:722-723; 38:538.

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Thanksgiving Day

Nan S. Richardson

How grateful we should always be
For the blessings that come to you and me;
With health and strength, we are here to say
We are thankful for Thanksgiving Day.

The turkey and dressing we are anxious to try,
Hot rolls, yams, and salad, and good pumpkin pie;
We count every blessing and silently pray
And thank the Lord for Thanksgiving Day.

We have a good time, though the day is not long;
We dance and we sing and we try to be young;
We jolly and joke in the same old way
As we used to do on Thanksgiving Day.

From Near and Far

I had a very pleasant surprise when I opened my August *Relief Society Magazine*. I just turned the pages at random, and the picture—the First Presidencies—page 568, caught my eye. John R. Winder was my own father's grandfather; Charles W. Penrose was my dear mother's grandfather, and my husband was christened Anthon Wm. Lundberg, which is so much the same as the name of the counselor. I love *The Relief Society Magazine* and wait from month to month for it to arrive. At present I am physically handicapped and I cannot go to meetings, so my greatest source of entertainment and recreation is sitting out in the sunshine reading my *Relief Society Magazine*. Thanks for making it so interesting and inspiring.

—Alice Winder Bradford Lundberg, Washington, D. C.

I am taking this opportunity to tell you how extremely well I liked the editorial concerning women sewing together (September 1949). It touched a responsive note in me. If women would only sew together more frequently instead of playing so much bridge, there would, I believe, be less unrest. . . . Some of my most loyal friends are women with whom I sewed in girlhood. I was occupational therapist in a hospital for over seven years and saw women cured of mental illness through being taught to create beauty with the needle, shuttle, crochet hook, and even with only the use of their fingers in making macrame. Even while nursing I taught the art of the needle to my patients during convalescence. It helped to keep them contented and happy. I wish that every woman everywhere might read your editorial. Such articles are much needed.

—Gene Romolo, Provo, Utah

You would think, from my husband's attitude, that *The Relief Society Magazine* is published for men only. He hides the *Magazine* and keeps it hidden until he has read it from cover to cover. Then, it is my turn, and I enjoy every issue.

—Alvina A. Pierce, Gunnison, Utah

I do not want to miss a single copy of the *Magazine*, for the material in each issue is so valuable that I cannot afford to be without it and I have reserved all my copies through the years since my marriage in 1912. Have been a Relief Society worker since then in various capacities, but a visiting teacher continuously. I am literary class leader in Garden Creek Ward, Portneuf Stake, and really cannot do justice to my lessons without the *Magazine*. Just recently, in time of trouble, I went to my attic where I store all my surplus reading material and in perusing my *Magazines* from past years I found articles that brought solace to my soul. I have always been interested in good literature and never have I found a single page of *The Relief Society Magazine* that wasn't uplifting.

—Ora M. Crump, Robin, Idaho

I am glad you have a "From Near and Far" page in *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is a privilege to write and tell you how much I appreciate the inspiration I get from reading such a wonderful *Magazine*. I look forward to each issue and very much enjoyed the poem "A Friend Like You" (by Hilde Wittemund, September 1949, page 647).

—Mrs. Martha Porritt, Myton, Utah

I did so much enjoy the September *Magazine*, there were so many lovely poems in it.

—Elaine Swain, Vallejo, California

I wish to thank your society for the lovely *Magazine*. I am always interested in anything concerning your country as I have many dear friends there and some of my ancestors pushed their handcarts across the desert in those far-off pioneering days. I read your interesting little book from cover to cover. I am interested in your religion and find that it is being preached throughout the whole wide world.

—Jean Nicholson Adamson, Sinclairdown, Fife, Scotland

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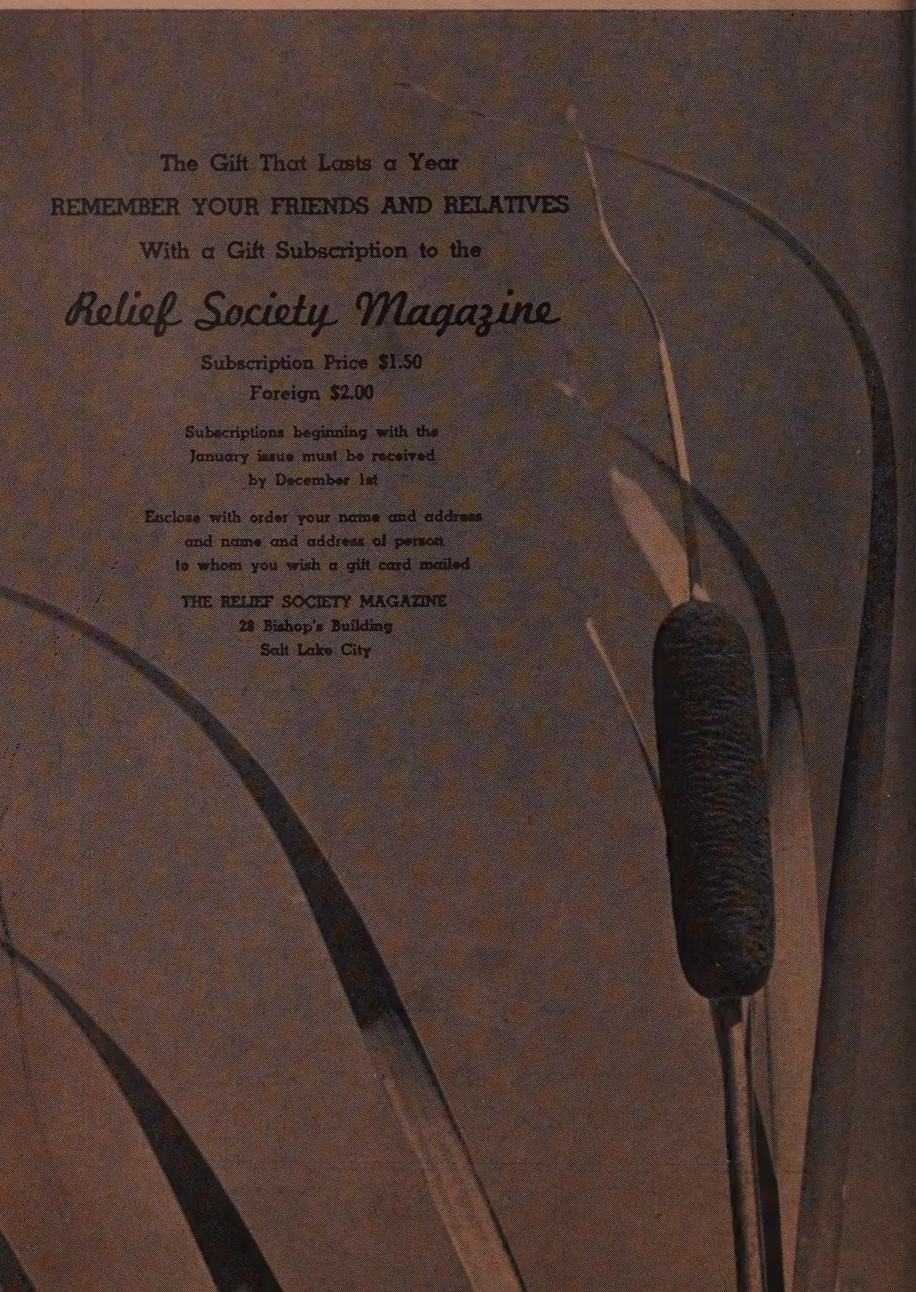
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